THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

A True Roman Tragedie.

With the seuerall Songes in their apt places, by Valerius, the merrie Lord amongst the Roman Peeres.

Acted by her Maiesties Seruants at the Red Bull neere Clarken-well.

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*

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DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART
DYCE
BEQUEST

To the Reader.

IT hath beene no cuſtome in me of all other men (curteous Readers) to commit my plaies to the preſſe: the reaſon though ſome may attribute to my own inſufficiencie, I had rather ſul ſcribe in that to their ſeueare cenſure then by ſeeking to auoide the imputation of weakenes to incurre greater ſuſpition, of honeſtie: for though ſome haue vſed a double ſale of their labours, firſt to the Stage, and after to the preſſe, For my owne part I heere proclaime my ſelfe euer faithfull in the firſt, and neuer guiltie of the laſt: yet ſince ſome of my plaies haue (vnknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers handes, and therefore ſo corrupt and mangled, (coppied onely by the eare) that I haue bene as vnable to know them, as aſhamde to calenge them, This therefore I was the willinger to furniſh out in his natiue habit: firſt beeing by conſent, next becauſe the reſt haue beene ſo wronged in beeing publiſht in ſuch ſauadge and ragged ornaments: accept it curteous Gentlemen and prooue as fauourable Readers as wee haue found you gratious Auditors.

Yours *T. H.*

Dramatis perſonæ.

1 *Seruius* King of Rome.
2 *Tarquin* The prowde.
3 *Tullia* Wife of *Tarquin Superbus*.
4 *Arruns and* } the two ſonnes of
5 *Sextus* } Tarquin.
6 *Brutus Iunior*.
7 *Colatinus*.
8 *Horatius Cocles*.
9 *Mutius ſcemola*.
10 *Lucretius*.
11 *Porſenna* King of the Tuſcans.
12 *Porſennaes* Secretarie.
13 *Pub. Valerius*.
14 The prieſt of *Apollo*.
16.2. Centinels.
17 *Lucretia* rauiſht by *Sextus*.
18 *Myrabile*. *Lucretius* Maide.
19 The Clowne.

The

THE
Rap of Lucrece.

SENATE.

Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus, Tarquinus, Tullia, Arnus, Lucretius, Valerius, Poplicola, and Senators before them.

Tullia Ith drawe! wee muſt haue priuate confe-
With our deere husband. (rence
Tarq What wouldſt thou wife?
Tullia Bee what I am not, make thee greater
Then thou canſt aime to be. (tarre
Tarq. Why I am *Tarquin.*
Tul. And I am *Tullia* what of that?
What *Diapaſon* more in *Tarquins* name
Then in a Subiects? o what's *Tullia*
More in the ſound, then to become the name
Of a poore Maide or waiting Gentlewoman?
I am a princeſſe both by birth and thoughts,
Yet al's but *Tullia*, there's no reſonnance
In a bare ſtile: my title beares no breadth,
Nor hath it any ſtate: oh me, im'e ſicke!
Tarq. Sick Lady?
Tul. Sicke at heart.
Tarq. Why my ſweet *Tullia*?
Tul. To be a Queene I long, long and am ſicke
With ardence, my hot appetite's afire,
Till my ſwollen feuor, be deliuered
Of that great title Queene, my heart's all royall,
Not to be circumſcribed in ſeruill bounds,
While there's a King that rules the Peeres of Rome,
Tarquin makes legs, and *Tullia* curteſies lowe,
Bowes at each nod, and muſt not neere the ſtate
Without obeiſance, oh! I hate this awe, my prowd heart cannot brooke it.

Tar. Heare me wife.
Tul. I am no wife of *Tarquins* if not King:
Oh had God made me man I would haue mounted
Aboue the base tribunals of the earth,
Vp to the clowdes, for pompeous soueraintie.
Thou art a man, oh beare my royall minde,
Mount heauen and see if *Tullia* lag behind,
There is no earthin me, I am all fire,
Were *Tarquin* so, then should we both aspire.
Tar. Oh *Tullia*, though my body taste of dulnesse,
My soule is wingde: loe I soare as high as thine,
But note what flags our wings! fortie fiue yeares
The King thy father hath protected Roome.
Tul. That makes for vs; the people couet change,
Euen the best things in time grow teadious.
Tar. T'would seeme vnnaturall in thee my *Tullia*,
The reuerend King, thy Father to depose:
Tul. A kingdomes queſt, makes Sonnes and Fathers foes.
Tar. And but by *Seruius* fal we cannot climbe,
The balme that must annoynt vs is his blood.
Tul. Lets laue our browes then in that crimson flood,
We must be bolde and dreadlesse: who aspires,
Mounts by the liues of Fathers, Sonnes, and Sires.
Tar. And so must I, since for a kingdomes loue,
Thou canst despise a Father for a Crowne:
Tarquin shall mount *Seruius* be tumbled downe
For he vsurpes my state, and first deposde,
My father in my swathed Infancye,
For which he shall be countant to his end.
I haue founded all the Peires and Senators,
and though vnknowne to thee my *Tullia*,
They all imbrace my faction, and so they,
Loue change of state, and new King to obey.
Tul. Now is my *Tarquin*, worthy *Tullias* grace
Since in my armes, I thus a King embrace.
Tar. The King should meete this day in Parliament,
With all the Senates and Estates of Rome;
His place will I assume, and there proclaime,

All

All our decrees in Royall *Tarquins* name. *Florish.*

Enter Sextus, Arnus: Lucretius, Valerius, Colatine and Senators.

Lucr. May it pleaſe thee Noble *Tarquin* to attend
The King this day within the high Capitoll?

Tul. Attend?

Tarq. We intend this d y to ſee the Capitoll.
You knew our father good *Lucretius*:

Lucre. I did my Lord.

Tarq. Was not I his Sonne?
The Queene my Mother was of royall thoughts
and heart pure, as vnblemiſht Innocence.

Lucre. Why askes my Lord?

Tar. Sonnes ſhould ſucceed their fathers, but anon
You ſhall heare more, high time that we were gone. *Floriſh.*

Exeunt: manent Colatine and Valerius.

Col. Ther's morall ſure in this, *Valerius.*
Heeres modell, yea, and matter too to breed
Strange meditations in the prouident braines
Of our graue Fathers: ſome ſtrange proiect lies
This day in Cradle thats but newly borne.

Vale. No doubt *Colatine* no doubt heeres a giddie & drunken world, it Reeles, it hath got the ſtaggers, the common-wealth is ſicke of an ague, of which nothing can cure her but ſome violent and ſuddaine affrightment.

Col. The wife of *Tarquin* would be a Queene, nay on my life ſhe is with childe till ſhe be ſo.

Vale. and longes to be brought to bed of a Kingdome, I deuine we ſhall ſee ſome ſcuffling to day in the Capitoll.

Cole. If there be any difference amongſt the Princes and Senate, who ſe faction will *Valerius* follow?

Vale. Oh *Colatine* I am a true Citizen, and in this I will beſt ſhew my ſelfe to be one, to take part with the ſtrongeſt. If *Seruius*, ore come, I am Liegeman to *Seruius*, & if *Tarquin* ſubdue, I am for *Viue Tarquinius.*

Col. Valerius, no more, this talke does but keepe vs from the ſight of this ſolemnitie: by this the Princes are entring the Capitoll: come, we muſt attend. *Exeunt.*

Senat

SENATE

Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Arruns, Lucretius one way, Brutus meeting them the other way very hastily.

Tar. This place is not for fooles this parliament
assembles not the straines of Ideotism:
Only the graue and wisest of the land:
Important are th'affaires wee haue in hand.
Hence with that mome.

Lucr. Brutus forbeare the presence.

Brut. Forbeare the presence! why pra'y?

Sext. None are admitted to this graue concourse,
But wise men: nay good *Brutus.*

Brut. Youl'e haue an emptie parliament then.

Arr. Heere is no roome for fooles.

Brut. Then what makst thou heere, or he, or he? oh *Iupiter!* if this commaund be kept strictly, wee shall haue emptie benches: get you home you that are heere, for heere will be nothing to doe this day: a generall concourse of wise men, t'was neuer seene since the first Chaos. *Tarquin*, if the generall rule haue no exceptiõs, thou wilt haue an emptie consistory.

Tul. Brutus you trouble vs.

Brut. How powerfull am I you renowned deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole Empire? fooles exempted, and women admitted! laugh Democritus, but haue you nothing to say Mad-men?

Tarq. Madmen haue heere no place.

Brut. Then out a dores with *Tarquin*: what's he that may sit in a calme Valley, and will chuse to repose in a tempestious mountaine, but a mad-man? that may liue in tranquilous pleasures, and will seeke out a kingdomes-cares, but a mad-man? who would seeke innouation in a common-wealth in publike, or be ouer-ruld by a curst wife in priuate, but a foole or a mad-man? giue me thy hand *Tarquin*, shal we two be dismist together from the Capitoll?

Tar. Restraine his folly.

Tul. Driue the frantique hence.

Arru. Nay *Brutus.*

Sex. Good

Sext. Good *Brutus*.

Bru. Nay soft, soft good blood of the *Tarquins*, lets haue a few colde words first, and I am gone in an instant: I claime the priuiledge of the nobilitie of Rome, and by that priuiledge my seat in the Capitol. I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitol as *Horatius* thine, or thine *Lucretius*, Thine *Sextus*, *Aruns* thine, or any heere: I am a Lord and you banish all the Lordes from the presence, youle haue few to wait vpon the King but Gentlemen: nay I am easily perswaded then, hands off, since you will not haue my company you shall haue my roome.

My roome indeed, for what I seeme to bee,
Brutus is not, but borne great Roome to free.
The state is full of dropsie, and swollen bigge
With windie vapors, which my sword must pierce,
To purge th'infected blood, bred by the pride
Of these infested bloods: nay now I goe,
Behold I vanish since tis *Tarquins* minde,
One small foole goes, but great fooles leaues behinde. *Exit.*

Lucre. Tis pittie one so generously deriu'd,
Should be depriu'd, his best induements thus,
And want the true directions of the soule.

Tar. To leaue these delatorie trifles, Lordes
Now to the publike businesse of the Land.
Lords take your seuerall places.

Luc. Not great *Tarquin*, before the King assume his regal (throane
Whose comming we attend.

Tulli. Hee's come alreadie.

Lucr. The King?

Tar. The King.

Col. *Seruius?*

Tar. *Tarquinius*

Lucr. *Seruius* is King.

Tar. It was by power deuine,
The Throane that long since he vsurpt is mine,
Heere we enthroane our selues Cathedrall state
Long since detain'd vs, iustly we resume,
Then let our friends and such as loue vs cry,
Liue *Tarquin* and enioy this soueraignetie.

Omnes. Liue *Tarquin* and inioy this soueraintie. *Florish.*

Enter Valerius.

Val. The King himselfe with such considerate Peeres
As stoutly embrace his faction being informde
Of Tarquins vsurpation, armed comes,
Neere to the entrance of the Capitoll.

Tarq. No man giue place, he that dares to arise,
And doe him reuerence, we his loue despise.

Enter Servius, Horatius, Scaevola Souldiers

Ser. Traytor.

Ta. Vsurper,

Ser. Descend,

Tul. Sit still.

Ser. In *Servius* name, Romes great imperiall Monarch,
I charge thee *Tarquin* disinthroane thy selfe,
and throwe thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy.

Hor. Spoke like a King.

Tar. In *Tarquins* name, now Romes imperiall Monarch
We charge thee *Servius* make free resignation,
Of that archt-wreath thou hast vsurpt so long.

Tul. Words worth an Empire.

Hor. Shall this be brookt my Soueraigne?
Dismount the Traitor.

Ser. Touch him he that dares.

Hor. Dares!

Tul. Dares.

Ser. Strumpet no childe of mine,

Tul. Dotard and not my father.

Ser. Kneele to thy King?

Tul. Submit thou to thy Queene,

Ser. Insufferable treason! with bright steele,
Lop downe these interponents that withstand
The passage to our throane.

Hor. That *Coeles* dares.

Sca. We with our steele guard *Tarquin* and his chaire,

Ser. A Servius.

Tar. *Tarquin.*

Omnes. We King indeede, our awe is builded

Vpon

Vpon this royall base, and slaughtered body
Of a dead King: we by his ruine rise
To a Monarchall Throane.
Tul. We haue our longing.
My fathers death giues me a second life
Much better thē the first, my birth was seruitude
But th is new breath of raigne is large and free,
Welcome my second life of Soueraintie.
Luc. I haue a Daughter, but I hope of mettle,
Subiect to better tēperature: should my *Lucrece*
Be of this pride, these hands should sacrifice
Her blood vnto the Gods that dwell belowe,
The abortiue brat should not out-liue my spleene,
But *Lucrece* is my Daughter, this my Queene.
Tul. Tear off the crowne, that yet empales the temples
Of our vsurping Father: quickely Lords,
And in the face of his yet bleeding wounds,
Let vs receiue our honours.
Tar. The same breath
Giues our state life, that was the V surpers death.
Tul. Heere then by heauens hand we inuest our selues:
Musique, whose lofriest tunes grace Princes crownde,
Vnto our noble coronation sound. *Florish,*

Enter Valerius with Horatio and Scaeuola,

Tarq. Whome doth *Valerius* to our state present?
Val. Two valiant Romans, this *Horatius Cocles*,
This Gent. cald *Mutius Scaeuola*,
Who whilst King *Seruius* wore the Diadem,
Vpheld his sway & Prince-dome by their loues
But he being slaine, since all the Peeres of Rome,
Applaud King *Tarquin* in his soueraintie,
They with like suffrage greet your coronation.
Hor. This hand alyde vnto the Roman Crowne,
Whome neuer feare detected or cast lowe,
Laies his victorious swordeat *Tarquins* feete,
And prostrates with his sword, allegiance.

King *Seruius* life we lou'd, but he expirde,
Great *Tarquins* life is in our hearts desirde.
Ser. Who whilst he rules with iustice & integrity
Shal with our dreadles hands our hearts commaund,
Euen with the best imployments of our liues,
Since fortune lifts thee we submit to fate,
Our selues are vassals to the Roman state.
Tarq. Your roomes were emptie in our traine of friends,
Which we reioyce to see so well supplide:
Receiue our grace liue in our clement fauours,
In whose submission our young glory growes
To his ripe height: tall in our friendly traine
And strengthen with your loues our Infant raigne.
Her. We liue for *Tarquin.*
Ser. And to thee alone, whilst iustice keepes thy sword & thou thy Throane.
Tar. Then are you ours, and now conduct vs straight,
In triumph through the populus streets of Rome
To the Kings Pallace our maesticke seat,
Your hearts though freely profferd we intreat.
Semnat, as they march Tullia *treads on her father and stayes.*
Tullia. What blocke is that we tread on?
Luc. T'is the bodie
Of your deceased Father Madam, Queene
Your shoe is crimsond with his vitall bloud.
Tul. No matter, let his mangled body lie,
and with his base confederates strew the streets,
That in disgrace of his vsurped pride,
We ore his trunck may in our Chariot ride:
For mounted like a Queene, t would do me good
To wash my Coach-naues in my fathers bloud.
Lucre. Heeres a good Childe.
Tar. Remoue it we commaund, and beare his carcasse to the funerall pile
Where after this direction, let it haue
His solemne and due obsequies: faire *Tullia*,
Thy hate to him growes from thy loue to vs,
Thou shewst thy selfe in this vnnaturall strife,
An vnkinde Daughter but a louing wife.

But

But on vnto our Pallace this bleſt day,
A Kings encreaſe, growes by a Kings decay.

Brutus alone.

Bru. Murder the King! a high and capitoll treaſon,
Thoſe Giants that wagde war againſt the Gods,
For which ore-whelmed Mountaines hurld by Ioue,
To ſcatter them, and giue timeleſſe graues,
Was not more cruell then this butcherie,
This ſlaughter made by *Tarquin*, but the Queene,
A woman, fie, fie: did not this ſhee-paracide
ad to her fathers wounds? and when his body
Lay all beſmeard and ſtaind in the blood roiall,
Did not this Monſter, this infernall hagge,
Make her vnwilling Charter driue on,
and with his ſhod wheeles cruſh her Fathers bones,
Breake his craz'd ſcull, and daſh his braines
Vpon the pauements, whilſt ſhe held the raines?
The affrighted Sun at this abhorred obiect,
Put on a maske of bloud, and yet ſhe bluſht not.
Ioue art theu iuſt, haſt thou reward for pietie?
and for offence no vengeance? or canſt punniſh
Fellons, and pardon Traitors, chaſtice murdrers,
and winke at paracides? if thou be worthy
as well we knowe thou art, to fill the Throane
Of all eternitie, then with that hand
That flings the triſalte thunder, let the pride
Of theſe our Irreligious monarkiſers
Be crown'd in blood: this makes poore *Brutus* mad,
To ſee ſin fro lique, and the vertuous ſad.

Enter Sextus and Aruns.

Arn. Soft, heeres *Brutus*, let vs acquaint him with the newes.

Sex. Content: now Couſen Brutus?

Bru. Who I your kinſman? though I be of the blood of the *Tarquins*, yet no couſen-gentle Prince. And

Arn. And why so *Brutus*, scorne you our allyance?

Bru. No, I was cosen to the Tarquins, when they were subiects, but dare claime no kindred, as they are soueraigns: *Brutus* is not so mad though he be merrie, but hee hath wit enough to keepe his head on his shoulders.

Arn. Why doe you my Lord thus loose your houres, and neither professe war nor domestique profit? the first might beget you loue, the other ritches.

Bru. Because I would liue: haue I not answered you because I would liue? fooles and mad-men are no rubs in the way of Vsurpers, the firmament can brooke but one Sunne, and for my part I must not shine: I had rather liue obscure blacke, then appeare a faire white to bee shot at, the end of all is, I would liue: had *Seruius* bene a shrub, the winde had not shooke him, or a mad man, he had not perisht: I couet no more wit nor imployment then as much as will keep life and soule together, I would but liue.

Arn. You are satyrical cousen Brutus, but to the purpose: the king dreampt a strange ominous dreame last night, and to be resolu'd of the euent, my brother Sextus and I must to the Oracle.

Sex. And because we would bee well accompained, wee haue got leaue of the king that you Brutus shal associate vs, for our purpose is to make a merrie iourney on't.

Bru. So youle carrie me along with you to be your foole, and make you merrie.

Sext. Not our foole, but——

Bru. To make you merrie: I shall, nay, I will make you merrie, or tickle you til you laugh, the Oracle! ile goe to be resolu'd some doubts priuate to my selfe: nay Princes, I am so much endeer'd but to your loues and companies, that you shall not haue the power to bee rid of mee, what limits haue we for our iourney?

Sext. Fiue daies: no more.

Bru. I shall fit mee to your preperation, but one thing more, goes Colatine along?

Sext. Col.

Sex. Collatine is troubled with the Common diſeaſe of all new married men, hee's ſick of the wife, his excuſe is forſooth that *Lucrece* wil not let him goe, but you hauing neither wife nor wit to hould you, I hope wil not diſapoint vs.

Bru. Had I both, yet ſhould you preuaile with me aboue another.

Aru. We ſhall expect you.

Bru. Horatius Cocles, and *Mutius Scenola* are not engadge in this expedition.

Aru. No, they attend the King, farwell.

Bru. Lucretius ſtaies at home to, and *Valerius*?

Sex. The Pallace cannot ſpare them.

Bru. None but we three?

Sex. We three.

Bru. Wee three, well fiue daies hence,

Sex. You haue the time, farwell.

Exeunt, Sextus and Arunt

Bru. The time I hope for cannot be conſcribde.
Within ſo ſhort a limit, Rome and I
Are not ſo happy, what's the reaſon then
Heauen ſpares his rod ſo long? Mercurie tell me!
I hau't, the fruite of pride is yet but greene,
Not mellow, though it growes apace, it comes not
To his full height: *Ione* oft delayes his vengeance,
That when it haps t'may prooue more terrible.
Diſpaire not *Brutus* then, but let thy countrie
and thee take this laſt comfort after all,
Pride when thy fruite is ripe muſt rot and fall.
But to the Oracle.

Enter Horatius Cocles, Mutius Scenola.

Hor. I would I were no Roman.

Sce. Cocles why?

Hor. I am diſcontented & dare not ſpeake my thoughts.

Sceu. What, ſhall I ſpeake them for you?

Hor. Mutius doe.

See. Tar-

Scæua. *Tarquin* is prowd.
Hora. Thou haſt them.
Scæua, Tiranous.
Hor. True.
Scæua. Inſufferable lofty.
Hora. Thou haſt hit me.
Scæua And ſhall I tell thee what I propheſie
Of his ſucceeding rule?
Hora. No Ile dooe't for thee, *Tarquins* abilitie will in the
Beget a weake vnable impotence: (weale,
His ſtrength, make Rome and our dominions weake,
His ſoaring high make vs to flag our wings,
And fly cloſe by the earth: his golden feathers,
Are of ſuch vaſtnes that they ſpread like ſayles,
And ſo becalme vs that we haue not aire (Elementes.
Able to raiſe our plumes, to taſte the pleaſures of our owne
Scæua. We are one heart, our thoughts and our deſires are ſutable.
Hora. Since he was king he beares him like a God,
His wife like *Palas* or the wife of *Ioue*,
Will not be ſpoake to without ſacrifice,
And homage ſole due to the deities,

Enter Lucretius.

Scæua. What haſt with good *Lucretius*?
Lucre. Haſt but ſmall ſpeede,
I had an earneſt ſute vnto the King,
About ſome buſines that concernes the weale
Of Rome and vs, but twil not be liſtned to,
He has tooke vpon him ſuch ambitious ſtate,
That he abandons conference with his Peires,
Or if he chance to heare our tongues ſo much,
As but to heare their ſummons, he deſpiſes,
The intent of all our ſpeeches, our aduiſes,
And counſell: thinking his owne iudgement only,
To be approoued in matters millitarie,
And in affaires domeſticke, we are but ſhouts,
And fellowes of no parts, viols vnſtrung,
Our notes too harſh to ſtrike in princes eares,
Great *Ioue* amend it.

Hora

Hora. Whither will you my Lord?
Luc. No matter where if frō the court, I'le home to *Collatine*
And to my daughter *Lucrece* t home breedes safety,
Dangers begot in Court, a life retierd
Must pleaſe me now perforce: then noble *Scæuola*,
And you my deere *Horatius*, farewell both.
Where induſtrie is ſcornd lets welcome ſloth. *Enter Collatine*
Hora. Nay good *Lucretius* do not leaue vs thus,
See here comes *Collatine*, but where is *Valerius*?
How does he taſt theſe times?
Col. Not giddily like *Brutus*, paſsionately
Like old *Lucretius* with his teare ſwoln eies,
Not laughing like *Mutius Scæuola*.
Nor bluntly like *Horatius Cocles* here.
He has vſurpt a ſtranger garbe of humour,
Diſtinct from theſe in natures euery way.
Lucr. How is he reliſht can his eies forbeare,
In this ſtrange ſtate to ſhed a paſsionate teare?
Sce. Can he forbeare to laugh with *Scæuola*,
At that which paſsionate weeping cannot mend?
Hor. Nay can his thought ſhape ought but melancholy
To ſee theſe dangerous paſſages of ſtate,
How is he tempered noble *Collatine*?
Collat. Strangely, he is all ſong, hees ditty all,
Note that, *Valerius* hath giuen vp the Court
And weand himſelfe from the kings conſiſtory
In which his ſweet harmonious tongue grew harſh,
Whether it be that he is diſcontent
Yet would not ſo appeare before the King,
Or whether in applauſe of theſe new Edicts,
Which ſo diſtaſt the people, or what cauſe,
I know not but now hee's all muſicall.
Vnto the counſell chamber he' goes ſinging,
And whileſt the king his wilfull edicts makes,
In which nones tongue is powerfull ſaue the kings.
Hee's in a corner, reliſhing ſtrange aires.
Concluſiuely he's from a toward hopefull gentleman
Tranſeſhapt to a meere balleter, none knowing
Whence ſhould proceed this tranſmutation. *Enter Valerius*

Hor. See where he comes. Morrow *Valerius*

Lucre. Morrow my Lord.

The first song.

Vale. When Tarquin *first in Court began,*
And was approued King:
Some men for sodaine ioy gan weepe,
But I for sorrowe sing.

Seuo. Ha ha, how long has my *Valerius*,
Put on this straine of mirth, or what's the cause?

The second Song.

Vale. Let humor change and spare not,
Since Tarquin's prowde, *I care not,*
His faire words so bewitch my delight,
That I dote on his sight.
Now he is changd, cruell thoughts embracing,
And my deserts disgracing.

Hor. Vpon my life he's either mad or loue-sicke;
Oh can *Valerius*, but so late a states-man,
Of whome the publique weale deseru'd so wel,
Tune out his age in songs and Cansonets,
Whose voice should thunder counsel in the eares
Of Tarquin and prowd *Tullia*? thinke *Valerius*,
what that proud woman *Tullia* is, twil put thee
Quite out of tune.

The third Song.

Vale. Now what is loue I will thee tell,
It is the fountaine and the well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell,
It is perhaps the sanfing bell,
That rings all in to heauen or hell:
And this is loue, and this is loue, as I heare tell.
Now what is loue I will you shew,
A thing that creepes and cannot goe:
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for me, a thing for moe,
And he that proues shall finde it so,
And this is loue, and this is loue sweet friend Itro.

Lucrece

Luer. Valerius I ſhall quickly change thy cheere,
And make thy paſſionate eies lament with mine,
Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinſman King
Was butchered in the marble capitoll.
Shall *Seruius Tullius* vnregarded dye
Alone of thee, whome all the Romane Ladies,
Euen yet with teare-ſwollen eyes, and ſorrowfull ſoules,
Compaſſionate, as well he merited;
To theſe lamenting dames what canſt thou ſing?
Whoſe griefe through all the Romane Temples ring.

The fourth ſong.

Valer. *Lament Ladies lament*
Lament the Roman land,
The King is frathee hent,
Was doughtie on his hand,
Weele gang into the Kirke,
His dead corpes wele embraſe,
And when wee ſea ha dean,
Way will cry alaſſe. Fala lalero la.
Tarara ra roune tare &c.

Horat. This muſick mads me, Iall mirth diſpiſe.
Lucr. To heare him ſing drawes riuers from myne eyes.
Scæuola. It pleaſeth me, for ſince the Court is harſh,
And lockes a skaunce on ſouldiers, lets be merry,
Court Ladies ſing, chinke, dance, and euery man
Get him a miſtris, coach it in the Country,
And taſt the ſweetes of it: what thinks *Valerius*,
Of *Scæuolaes* laſt councell?

The fift Song.

Valer. Why ſince we ſouldiers cannot proone,
And greefe it is to vs therefore,
Let euery man get him a loue,
To trim her well, & fight no more.
That We may taſt of louers bliſſe,
Be merry and bluſh, imbrace and kiſſe,
That Ladies may ſay, ſome more of this,
That Ladies, may ſay, ſom. more of this.

Since Court & Citte both grow proud,
And safety you delight to heare,
Wee in the Country will vs shroud,
Where liues to please both eye and eare:
The Nightingale sings Iug, a Iug, Iug,
The little Lambe leaps after his dug,
And the prety milke-maids they looke so smug,
And the prety milke-maids, &c.

Come *Scaeuola*, shall we goe and be idle?
Lucr. Ile in to weep.
Horat. But I my gall to grate.
Scaeu. Ile laugh at time, till it will change our Fate.

Exeunt they. Manet Collatine.

Collat. Thou art not what thou seem'st, Lord *Scaeuola*,
Thy heart mournes in thee, though thy visage smile,
And so doe's thy soule weep, *Valerius*,
Although thy habit sing, for these new humors
Are but put on for safety, & to arme them
Against the pride of *Tarquin*, from whose danger,
None great in loue, in counsell or opinion,
Can be kept safe: this makes me lose my houres
At home with *Lucrece*, and abandon court.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Fortune I embrace thee, that thou hast assisted me in finding my master, the Gods of good Rome keepe my Lord & master out of all bad company.
Collat. Sirrathe newes with you.
Clow. Would you ha Court newes, Campe newes, Citye newes or Country newes, or would you know whats the newes at home?
Collat. Let me know all the newes.
Clown. The newes at Court is, that a small legge & a silke stockin is in fashiō for your Lord: And the water that God *Mercury* makes is in request with your Ladie. The heauines of the kings wine makes many a light head, & the emptinesse of his dishes manie full bellies, eating & drinking was

neuer

neuer more in vse: you shall find the baddest legs in bootes, & the worst faces in maskes. They keep their old stomakes still, the kings good Cook hath the most wrong: for that which was wont to be priuate only to him, is now vsurpt among all the other officiers: for now euery man in his place to the preiudice of the maste Cooke, makes bold to licke his owne fingers.

Col. The newes in the Campe.

Clo. The greatest newes in the camp is, that there is no newes at all, for being no camp at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

Col. Then for the city.

Clo. The Senators are rich, their wiues faire, credit growes cheap & trafficke deare, for you ha many that are broke, the poorest man that is, may take vp what he will, so he will be but boūd to a post, till he pay the debt: There was one Courtier, lay with twelue mens wiues in the suburbs, & prising furder to make one more cuckold within the walles, and being takē with the maner, had nothing to say for himselfe, but this, he that made twelue made thirteene.

Col. Now Sir for the Country.

Clo. There is no newes there but at the Ale-house, ther's the most receit, & is it not strange my Lord, that so many men loue ale that know not what ale is.

Col. Why, what is ale?

Clo. Why ale is a kind of iuice, made of the pretious grain called Malt: & what is Malt? Malte's, M, A, L, T. & what is M, A, L, T? M much, A. ale, L. little, T. thrift, that is, much ale, little thrift.

Coll. Onely the newes at home, & I haue done.

Clo. My Lady must needes speake with you about earnest busines, that concernes her neerly, and I was sent in all hast to entreat your Lordship to come away,

Col. And couldest thou not haue told me *Lucrece* stay,
And I stand trifling here: follow, away.

Clo. I Mary sir, the way into her were away worth following and thats the reason that so many seruing-mē that are familiar with their mistresses, haue lost the name of Seruitors,

and

and are now calld their maisters followers. Rest you merry. *Sound musique.*

Apolloes Priests with Tapers, after them, Arnus, Sextus and Brutus with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle.

Priest. O thou sacred God inspire
The Priests, and with celestial fire
Shot from thy beames crowne our desire,
that we may follow.
In thsee thy true and hallowde measures,
The vtmost of thy heauenly treasures
According to the thoughts and pleasures
Of great *Apollo.*
Our hearts with inflammations burne,
Great *Tarquin* and his people mourne,
Till from thy Temple we returne
With some glad tyding.
Then tell vs, shall great Rome be blest
And royall *Tarquin* liue in rest,
That giues his high enobled breast
To thy safe guyding?

Oracle. Then Rome her ancient honours wins
When she is purg'd from *Tullius* sins.

Brutus. Gramercies *Phœbus* for these spelles,
Phebus alone alone excelles.

Sextus. *Tullia* perhaps find in our granfires death
And hath not yet by reconcilement made
Attone with *Phebus* at whose shrine we kneele.
Yet gentle Priest let vs thus farre preuaile,
To know e if *Tarquins* seed shall gouerne Rome
And by succession claime the royall wreath?
Behold me yonger of the *Tarquins* Race:
This elder *Arnus* both the sons of *Tullia*
This *Iunius Brutus* though a madman yet,
Of the high blood of the Tarquins.

Priest. *Sextus* peace: tell vs O thou that shinst so bright
From whome the world receiues his light,
Whose absence is perpetuall night,
whose praises ring.

Is it with heauens applauſe decreed,
When Tarquins ſoule from earth is freed,
That noble Sextus ſhall ſucceed
In Rome as king.
Bru. I Oracle, haſt thou loſt thy tongue?
Arun. Tempt him againe faire Prieſt.
Sext. If not as king, let Delphian *Phebus* yet
Thus much reſolue vs, who ſhal gouerne Rome,
Or of vs three beare greateſt preheminence?
Prieſt. *Sextus* I will, yet ſacred *Phebus* we entreat,
Which of theſe three ſhall be great
With largeſt power and ſtate repleat
by the heauens doome?
Phebus thy thoughts no longer ſmother,
Oracle. He that firſt ſhall kiſſe his mother
Shall be powerfull and no other
Of you three in Rome.
Sext. Shall kiſſe his mother! *Brutus falles.*
Brut. Mother earth to thee an humble kiſſe I tender.
Arun. What meanes *Brutus*?
Bru. The blood of the ſlaughtred ſacrifice made this flore as ſlippry as the place where *Tarquin* treads, tis glaſſy and as ſmoth as yce: I was prowd to heare the Oracle ſo gratious to the blood of the *Tarquins*, and ſo I fell.
Sext. Nothing but ſo, then to the Oracle.
I charge thee *Arunse*, *Iunus Brutus* thee,
To keepe the ſacred doome of the Oracle
From all our traine, leſt when the yonger lad
Our brother now at home ſits dandled
Vpon faire *Tullias* lap, this vnderſtanding,
May kiſſe our beauteous mother and ſucceed.
Arun. Let the charge goe round,
It ſhall goe hard but Ile preuent you *Sextus*.
Sex. I feare not the madman Brutus, & for *Arunse* let me alone to buckle with him, I'le be the firſt at my mothers lips for a kingdome.
Brut If the madman haue not ben before you *Sextus*, if Oracles be Oracles, their phraſes are miſtical, they ſpeake ſtill

in cloudes : had he meant a naturall mother he would ha ſpoke it by circumſtaunce.

Sext. *Tullia*, if euer thy lips were pleaſing to me, let it be at my returne from the Oracle.

Arunt. If a kiſſe will make me a King, *Tullia* I will ſpring to thee, though through the bloud of *Sextus*.

Brut. Earth I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept me as thy ſõne, & I ſhall ſhine as bright in Rome as *Apollo* himſelfe in his temple at *Delphos*.

Sext. Our ſuperſtitions ended, ſacred Prieſt,
Since we haue had free anſwer from the Gods,
To whoſe faire altars we ha done due right
And hallowed them with preſents acceptable,
Lets now returne, treading theſe holy meaſures,
With which we entred great *Apolloes* temple.
Now *Phebus* let thy ſweet tun'd organs ſound,
Whoſe ſphere like muſicke muſt direct our feet
Vpon the marble pauement: after this
Wee, le gaine a kingdome by a mothers kiſſe. *Exeunt.*

Sennat.

A table and chaires prepared: *Tarquin*, *Tullia*, *and Collatine*, *Scenola*, *Horatius*, *Lucretius*, *Valerius*, *Lords.*

Tarquin. Attend vs with your perſons, but your eares
Be deafe vnto our counſels. *The Lords fall off on either ſide and attend.*

Tul. Further yet.

Tarq. Now *Tullia* what muſt be concluded next?

Tullia. The kingdome you haue got by policy
You muſt maintaine by pride.

Tarq. Good.

Tullia. Thoſe that were late of the Kings faction
Cut off for feare they proue rebellious.

Tarq. Better.

Tullia. Since you gaine nothing by the popular loue,
Maintaine by feare your princedome.

Tarq. Excellent, thou art our Oracle, & ſaue from thee
We will admit no counſell, we obtaind
Our ſtate by cunning, t'muſt be kept by ſtrength.
And ſuch as cannot loue, weele teach to feare,

To

To encourage which vpon a better iudgement,
And to strike greater terror to the world,
I haue forbid thy fathers funerall.

Tul. No matter.

Tarq. All capitall causes are by vs discust,
Trauerst and executed without counsell.
We challenge too by our prerogatiue,
The goods of such as striue against our state,
The freest Citizens without attaint,
arraigne or iudgment we to exile doome,
The poorer are our drudges, rich our pray,
and such as dare not striue our rule obey.

Tul. The Kings as Gods, and diuine scepters beare
The Gods commaund for mortall tribute feare.
But royall Lord, we that despise their loue,
Must seeke some meanes how to maintaine this awe.

Tarq. By forraign leagues, & by our strength abroad
Shall we that are degreed aboue our people,
Whome heauen hath made our vassals reigne with
No kings aboue the rest tribunald hye (then?
Should with a meaner, then with kings ally
For this we to *Mamilius Tusculan*
The Latin King ha giuen in mariage
Our royall Daughter: now his people's ours,
The neighbour princes are subdude by armes:
And whome we could not conquer by constraint
Them ha we sought to winne by curtesie,
Kings that are proud, yet would secure their owne,
By loue abroad, shall purchase feare at home.

Tul. We are secure, then yet our greatest strength
Is in our Children, how dare treason looke
Vs in the face, hauing issue? barren Princes
breede danger in their singularitie,
Hauing nothing to succeede, their claime dies in the:
but when in topping on three *Tarquins* more,
Like *Hidraes* heads grow to reuenge his death,
It terrifies blacke treason.

Tarq. *Tullia's* wise, and apprehensiue; were our princely sons

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The goods of ſuch as ſtriue againſt our ſtate,
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The poorer are our drudges, rich our pray,
and ſuch as dare not ſtriue our rule obey.

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The Gods commaund for mortall tribute feare.
But royall Lord, we that deſpiſe their loue,
Muſt ſeeke ſome meanes how to maintaine this awe.

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Shall we that are degreed aboue our people,
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And whome we could not conquer by conſtraint
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Is in our Children, how dare treaſon looke
Vs in the face, hauing iſſue? barren Princes
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Hauing nothing to ſucceede, their claime dies in thē:
but when in topping on three *Tarquins* more.
Like *Hidraes* heads grow to reuenge his death,
It terrifies blacke treaſon.

Tarq. *Tullia's* wife, and apprehenſiue: were our princely ſons

Sextus and *Aruns* backe returned safe,
With an applausiue answere of the Gods,
From th' Oracle, our state were able then,
Being Gods our selues, to scorne the hate of men.

Enter Sextus, Aruns and Brutus.

Sex. Where's Tullia?

Arun. Where's our Mother?

Hor. Yonder princes at Counsell with the King.

Tul. Our sons return'd.

Sex. Royall mother.

Arun. Renowned Queene.

Sex. I loue her best, therefore will Sextus doe his duety first.

Arun. Being eldest in my birthbile not bee youngest
In zeale to Tullia.

Bru. Too't Lads.

Arun: Mother a kisse,

Sex: Though last in birth, let me be first in Loue,
A kisse faire Mother.

Arun: Shall I loose my right?

Sex. *Aruns* shall downe, were Aruns twice my Brother.
If he presume fore me to kisse my mother.

Arun: I Sextus, think this kisse to be a Crowne, thus would we (tug fort

Sext: Aruns thou must downe.

Targ. Restraine them Lords.

Bru: Nay, too't boyes, O tis braue, they tug for shadowes, I the substance haue.

Arun: Through armed gates, and thousand swords ile breake,
To shew my duetie, let my valour speake.

Breakes from the Lords and kisses her.

Sex. Oh heauens! ye haue dissolu'd me.

Arun: Here I stand, what I ha done to answere with this hand.

Sex: Oh all you Delphian Gods looke downe and see
How for these wrongs I will reuenged be.

Targ: Curb in the proud boyes fury, let vs know
From whence this discord riseth.

Tul: From our loue, how happy are we in our issue now,
When as our Sons, euen with their blouds contend,
To exceede in duty, we accept your zeale.

This

This your superlative degree of kindnes
So much preuailes with vs, that to the king
We engage our own deere loue, twixt his incensement
And your presumption, you are pardond both.
And *Sextus* though you faild in your first proffer,
We do not yet esteeme you least in loue, ascend & touch our lips
Sext. Thanke you, no.
Tull. Then to thy knee we will descend thus low.
Sext. Nay now it shall not need; how great's my heart!
Ar. In *Tarquins* crowne thou now hast lost thy part.
Sex. No kissing now, *Tarquin*, great Queene adiew:
Aruns. On earth wee ha no foe but you. *Exit.*
Tarq. What meanes this their vnnaturall emnity?
Tull. hate borne from loue.
Tarq. Resolue vs then, how did the Gods accept
Our sacrifice, how are they pleasd with vs?
How long will they applaud our soueraignty?
Brut. Shall I tell the king?
Tarq. Do Cosen, with the processe of your iourney.
Brut. I will. We went from hither, when we went from hēce arriued thither: when we landed there, made an end of our praiers when we had done our Orisons, when thus quoth *Phebus*, *Tarquin* shall be happy whilest he is blest, gouerne while he raignes, wake when he sleeps not, sleepe when he wakes not, quaffe when he drinkes, feed when he eates, gape when his mouth opens, liue till he die, & die when he can liue no longer. So *Phebus* commends him to you.
Tarq. Mad *Brutus* still, Son *Aruns*. What say you?
Arun. That the great Gods to whom the potent king
Of this large Empire, sacrific'd by vs,
Applaud your raigne, commend your soueraignty:
And by a generall Synode grant to *Tarquin*,
Long daies, faire hopes, Maiestique gouernment.
Brut. Adding withall, that to depose the late King, which in others, had bin arch treason, in *Tarquin* was honour: what in *Brutus* had beene vsurpation, in *Tarquin* was lawful succession: & for *Tullia*, though it be parricide for a child to kil her father, in *Tullia* it was charitie by death, to rid him of all his calamities.

Phebus himselfe, said she, was a good child, and shall not I say as he saies, to tread vpon her fathers skull, sparkly his braines vpon her chariot wheele,
And weare the sacred tincture of his bloud
Vpon her seruile shoe? but more then this,
After his death deny him the due claime
Of all mortality, a funerall,
An earthen sepulcher: this this, quoth the Oracle,
Saue *Tullia* none would doe.

Tul. Brutus no more, lest with our eies of wrath & fury
We looke into the humour: were not madnes
And folly to thy words a priuilege
Euen in thy last reproofe of our proceedings
Thou hadst pronounc't thy death.

Brut. If *Tullia* will send *Brutus* abroad for newes, and after at his returne not endure the telling of it: let *Tullia* either get closer eares, or get for *Brutus* a stricter tongue. *Exit.*

Tul. How Sir? *Brut.* God bo'ye.

Tarq. Alas tis madnes (pardon him) not spleene,
Nor is it hate, but frensie, wee are pleasde,
To heare the Gods propitious at our prayers.
But whithers *Sextus* gone? resolue vs *Cocles*,
We saw thee in his parting follow him.

Hor. I heard him say, he would straight take his horse
And to the warlike Gabines ride ennemies to Rome & you.

Tarq. Saue them we haue no opposites.
Dares the proude hoy, confederate with our foes?
Attend vs Lords, we must new battele wage,
And with bright armes confront the proud boyes rage. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Sceuola.

Hor. Had I as many soules as drops of bloud
In these brancht vaines, as many liues as starres
Stucke in yond azure roose, and were to dy
More deathes then I haue wasted weary minuts
To grow to this, Ide hazard all, and more,
To purchase freedome to thus bondag'd Rome.
I'me vex: to see this virgin conqueresse weare shackles in my sight.

Luc. Oh would my teares would rid great Rome of these prodigious feares,

Brut.

Enter Brutus.

Brut. What, weeping ripe *Lucretius*? possible now Lords, Lads, friends, fellows, yong madcap, gallants & old courtly ruffins, al subiects vnder one tiranny, & therfore shold be partners of one & the same vnanimity. Shall we go single our selues by two & two, & go talke treason? then tis but his yea, and my nay, if we be cald to question: Or shals goe vse some violent bustling to breake through this thorny seruitude, or shall we euery man go sit like Oman in desperation, and with *Lucretius* weep at Romes misery: now am I for all things, any thing or nothing, I can laugh with *Scæuola*, weepe with this good old man, sing *oh hone hone* with *Valerius*, fret with *Horatius Cocles*, be mad like my selfe, or neutrize with *Collatine*. Say what shal's do?

Hor. fret. *Val.* Sing. *Luc.* Weepe. *Scæu.* Laugh. (still sad.

Brut. Rather lets all be mad that *Tarquin* still raigneth, Rome's

Col. You are madmen all that yeeld so much to passion.
You lay your selues too open to your enemies,
That would be glad to prie into your deedes,
And catch aduantage to ensnare our liues.
The kings feare like a shadow dogs you still,
Nor can you walke without it: I commend
Valerius most, and noble *Scæuola*
That what they cannot mend, seeme not to minde
By my consent lets all weare out our houres
In harmles sports: hauke, hunt, game, sing, drinke,
So shall we seeme offenseles & liue safe. (daunce,
In dangers bloudy iawes where being humerous
Cloudy and curiously inquisitiue
Into the kings proceedings, there armde feare
May search into vs, call our deedes to question,
And so preuent all future expectation:
Or wisht amendement let vs stay the time,
Till heauen haue made them ripe for iust reuenge,
When opportunitie is offred vs.
And then strike home, till then do what you please:
No discontented thought my mind shall ceaze.

Br. I am of *Collatines* minde now *Valerius* sing vs a bawdy song: & makes merry: nay it shall be so,

Valer. *Brutus* shall pardon me.

Scen. The time that should haue been seriously spent in the State house, I ha learnt securely to spend in a wenching house, and now I professe my selfe any thing but a Statesman.

Hor. the more thy vanity. *Luc.* The lesse thy honour.

Valer. The more his safety, and the lesse his feare.

Brut. We ha beene mad Lords long, now let vs be merry Lords, *Horatius* maugre thy melancholy, and *Lucretius*, in spight of thy sorrow, Ile haue a song a subiect for the ditty.

Hor. Great *Tarquins* pride, and *Tullias* cruelty.

Brut. Dangerous, no.

Luc. The tyrannies of the Court, & the vassalage of the Citty.

Scen. Neither shall I giue the subiect?

Bru. Do, & let it be of all the prety wenches in Rome.

Scen. It shall, it shall, shall it *Valerius*? (conuersance.

Val. Any thing according to my poore acquaintance, & little

Brut. Nay you shall stay *Horatius*, *Lucretius* so shall you, he remoues himselfe from the loue of *Brutus*, that shrinkes from my side til we haue had a song of all the prety suburbians: sit round, when *Valerius*?

The sixt Song.

Valer. *Shall I woe thee louely* Molly,
She's so faire, so fat, so iolly,
But she hat a tricke of folly,
Therefore ile ha none of Molly. *No no no, no no no.*
Ile haue none of Molly *no no no.*
Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,
They are red and soft as ielly,
But too well she loues her belly,
therfore ile haue none of Nelly. *No no, &c.*
What say you to bonny Betty,
Ha you seene a lasse so pretty?
But her body is so swetty
Therefore ile ha none of Betty. *No no no, no no no.*
When I dally with my Dolly,
She is full of melancholly,
Oh that wench is pestilent holly,

Ther-

therfore ile haue none of Dolly, *No no no, &c*
I could fancy louely Nanny,
But she has the loues of many,
Yet herselfe she loues not any,
Therefore ile haue none of Nanny, *No no &c*
In a flax shop I spide Ratchell,
Where she her flax and tow did hatchell,
But het cheekes hang like a satchell.
therefore ile haue none of Ratchel, *No no, &c*
In a corner I met Biddy,
Her heeles were light her head was giddy,
she fell downe and some what did I,
Therefore ile haue none of Biddy, *No no, &c:*

Brut: The rest weele heere within, what offence is there in this Lucretius? what hurt's in this Horatius? is it not better to sing with our heads on, then bleede with our heads off, I nere took Collatine for a polition till now, come Valerius, weele runne ouer al the Wenches of Rome, from the communitie of lasciuious *Flora* to the chastitie of diuine *Lucrece*, come good Horatio. *Exeunt*

Enter Lucrece, Maide and Clowne.

Luc: A Chaire.

Clo: A chaire for my Lady, Mistris *Myrable* doe you not here my Lady cal

Luc: Come neere sir, be lesse officious?
In duty, and vse more attention,
Nay Gentlewoman we exempt not you
From our discourse, but you must afford an eare
As well as he, to what we ha to say.

Maide: I still remaine your hand-may de.

Luc: Sirra I ha seene you oft familiar
With this my maide and waiting Gentlewoman,
as casting amorous glances, wanton lookes,
and preuy becks, sauouring incontinence,
I let you know you are not for my seruice
Vnlesse you grow more ciuill.

Clow: Indeede Madam for my owne part I wish Mistris *Myrable* wel, as one fellow seruant ought to wish to another, but to say that euer I flung any sheeps eies in her face, how say you mistris *Myrable* did I euer offer it?

Nay

Luc. Nay mistris, I ha seene you answere him
With gracious lookes and some vncivill smiles,
Retorting eyes, and giuing his demeanure
Such welcome as becomes not modesty.
Know hence-forth there shall no lasciuious phrase,
Suspitious looke or shadow of incontinence
be entertaind by any that attend on Roman Lucrece.

Maide. Madam!!

Lucr. Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought
Speakes nothing out of rashnes, nor vaine heare say,
but what my owne experience testifies,
Against you both, let then this milde reproofe,
Forewarne you of the like: my reputation
Which is held pretious in the eyes of Rome,
Shall be no shelter to the least intent
Of loosenes, leaue all familiaritie,
And quite renounce acquaintance, or I heere discharge you both
my seruice.

Clown. For my own part Madam, as I am a true Romane by
nature, though no Romane by my nose, I neuer spent the least
lip labour on mistris *Mirable*, neuer so much as glaunc'd, neuer
vs'd any winking or pinking, neuer nodded at her, no nor so
much as when I was asleepe, neuer askt her the question so much
as whats her name if you can bring any man woman or child, that
can say so much behind my back, As for he did but kisse her, for
I did but kisse her and so let her goe: let my Lord *Collatine* in-
stead of plucking my coat, pluck my skin ouer my eares & turn
me away naked, that where soeuer I shall come I may be held a
raw seruingman heereafter.

Lucr. Sirra you know our minde.

Clow. If euer I knew what belongs to these cases, or yet know
what they mean, if euer I vsed any plaine dealing, or were euer
worth such a ienell, would I might die a beggar: if euer I were
so farre read in my grammer, as to know what an Interiection is
or a coniunction copulatiue, would I might neuer haue good of
my *qui que quod*: why do you thinke madam, I haue no more
care of my selfe being but a stripling, then to goe to it at these
yeares? flesh and blood cannot endure it, I shall euen spoyle
one

one of the best faces in *Rome* with crying at your vnkindnes.

Luc. I ha done: see if you can spy your Lord returning from the Court, and giue me notice what strangers he brings home with him. *Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius, Scenola.*

Clowne. Yes Ile goe, but seekinde man he saues me a labour.

Col. Faire *Lucrece*, I ha brought these Lords from Court To feast with thee: sirra prepare vs dinner.

Lucrece. My Lord is welcome, so are all his friends, the newes at Court Lords, (*Rome*

Hor. Madam strange newes: Prince *Sextus* by the enemies of Was nobly vsde and made their Generall,
Twice hath he met his father in the field,
And foild him by the Warlike *Gabines* aid:
But how hath he rewarded that braue Nation,
That in his great disgrace supported him?
Ile tell you Madam, he since the last battell
Sent to his father a close messenger
To be receiu'd to grace, withall demanding
What he should doe with those his enemies?
Great *Tarquin* from his son receiues this newes,
Being walking in his Garden: when the messenger
Importunde him for answere, the proud King
Lops with his wand the heads of poppies off,
And saies no more, with this vncertaine answere
The messenger to *Sextus* back returnes.
who questions of his fathers words, lookes, gesture?
He tels him that the haughtie speechles king
Straight aprehends, cuts off the great mens heads,
And hauing left the *Gabines* without Gouern
Flies to his father, and this day is welcom'd
For this his trayterous seruice, by the king,
With all due solemne honours to the Court.

Scæuo. Curtesie strangely requited, this none but the sonne of *Tarquin* would haue interprisde.

Vale. I like it, I applaud it, this will come to somewhat in the end, when heauen has cast vp his account, some of them will be cald to a hard reckoning.

Coll. Leaue all to heauen.

Enter Clown.

Clow. My Lords, the beſt plumporedge in all Rome cooles for your honors dinner, is piping hot vppon the table: and if you make not the more haſt, you are like to haue but cold de chere: the cook hath done his part, and theres not a diſh on the dreſſer but he has made it ſmoke for you, if you haue good ſtomackes, and come not in while the meat is hot, youl'e make hunger and cold meet together.

Coll. My man's a Rhetorician I can tell you,
And this conceit is fluent: Enter Lords,
You muſt be *Lucrece* gueſt, and ſhe is ſcant
In nothing, for ſuch princes want. *Exeunt.*

Manet Valerius & Clowne.

Clow. My Lord *Valerius*, I haue euen a ſuit to your honour, I ha not the power to part from you, without a relliſh, a note, a tone, we muſt get an aire betwixt vs.

Vale: Thy meaning.

Clow. Nothing but this, *Iohn for the king has bin in many ballads, Iohn for the king downe dino, Iohn for the king, has eaten many ſallads Iohn for the king ſings hey ho.*

Vall. Thou wouldſt haue a ſong, wouldſt thou not?

Clow: And be euerlaſtingly bound to your honour, I am now forſaking the world and the Deuill, and ſomwhat leaning towards the fleſh, if you could but teach mee how to chooſe a wench fit for my ſtature and complexion, I ſhould reſt yours in all good offices.

Valer: Ile doe that for thee, whats thy name?

Clow: My name ſir is *Pompie.*

Valer: Well then attend, *He ſings*

The ſeauenth ſong,

Pompie *I will ſhew thee the way to know*
A daintie dapper wench
Firſt ſee her all bare, let her ſkin be rare,
And be touch't with no part of the french:
Let her eie be cleare, and her eye ſeuere,
Her eie-browes thin and fine:

But if she be a punck, and loue to be drunke,
Then keepe her still from the wine.
Let her stature be meane, and her body cleane,
thou canst not choose but like her:
But se she ha good clothes, with a faire Romane nose
For that's the signe of a striker.
Let her legs be small, but not vsd to sprall,
Her tongue not too lowd nor sockt,
Let her armes be strong, and her fingers long.
but not vs'd to dine in a pocket.
Let her body be long, and her back be strong,
With a soft lip that entangles,
With an inuorie breast, and her haire well dresst,
without gold lace or spangles.
Let her foote be small, cleane leg'd withall,
Her apparell not too gaudy:
And one that hath bin in any house of sinne,
nor place that hath bin bandy.

Clo: But Gods mee, I am trifling heere with thee, and dinner cooles a'th table, and I am cald to my attendance, oh my sweete Lord Valerius. *Exeunt.* *Sennat*

Enter Tarquin, Porsenna, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns.

Tarq. Next king *Porsenna*, whome we tender deerely,
Welcome young Sextus, thou hast to our yoake,
Suppresst the necke of a proud nation
The warlike Gauines enemies to Rome.

Sextus. It was my duty royall Emperour,
The duty of a subiect and a son.
We at our mothers intercession likewise,
Are now aton'd with *Aruns*, whowe here receiue into our bosom

Tul. This is done like a kind brother and a naturall son.

Ar. We enterchange a royall heart with *Sextus* & graft vs in your loue.

Tarq. Now King *Porsenna*, welcome once more, to *Tarquin* and to Rome.

Por. We are proud of your aliance, and Rome is ours

And we are Romes, this our Religious league,
Shall be caru'd firme in Characters of brasse,
And liue for euer to succeeding times.
Tarq. It shall *Porsenna*, now this league's establisht
We will proceede in our determin'd wars,
To bring the Neighbour Nations vnder vs,
Our purpose is to make young Sextus generall
Of all our army, who hath prou'd his fortunes
And found them full of fauour: weele begin
With strong *Ardea*, ha you giuen in charge
To assemble all our Captaines, and take muster of our strong (army?
Aru. That businesse is dispatch't.
Sex. We ha likewise sent for all our best commaunders to take charge according to their merrit: Lord *Valerius*,
Lord *Brutus*, *Coeles*, *Mutius*, *Scenola*,
And *Collatine* to make due preparation of such a gallant siege.
Tarq. This day you shall set forward, *Sextus* go,
And let vs see your army march along
Before this king and vs, that we may view
The puissance of our host prepard already,
To lay high reard *Ardea* waste and lowe
Sex. I shall my liege.
Tul. *Aruns* associate him.
Aru. Ariuall with my brother in his honours,
Exeunt Aruns and Sextus.
Tar. *Porsenna* shal beholde the strength of Rome,
And body of the Campe, vnder the charge
Of two braue Princes, to lay hostile siege
Against the strongest Cittie that withstands
The all commaunding Tarquin.
Pors. Tis an obiect to please *Porsennaes* eye.
Soft March.
Lucr. The host is now vppon his March.
You from this place may see,
The pride of all the Roman Chiualry.
Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Collatine, Valerius, Scenola, Coeles, with soldiers, drum and colours, march ouer the stage, and conget to the King and Queene.

Porsenna

Porſ. This ſight's more pleaſing to *Porſennaes* eye,
Then all our rich *Attalia* pompous feaſts,
Or ſumptuous reuels: we are borne a Soldier,
And in our nonage ſucke the milke of warre.
Should any ſtrange fate lower vpon this army,
Or that the mercileſſe gulfe of confuſion
Should ſwallow them, we at our proper charge,
And from our natiue confines vow ſupply
Of men and armes to make theſe numbers full.
Tarq. You are our royall brother, and in you,
Tarquin is powerfull and maintaines his awe.
Tul: The like *Proſenna* may commaund of Rome
Por. But we haue (in your freſh varieties)
Feaſted too much, & kept our ſelfe too long
From our ſtone ſeate, our proſperous returne
Hath bin expected by our Lords and Pieres.
Tarq. The buſines of our wars thus forwarded,
We ha beſt leaſure for our entertainment,
Which now ſhall want no due ſolemnitie.
Por. It hath bene beyond both expectation
And merit, but in ſight of heauen I ſweare
If euer royall *Tarquin* ſhall demaund
Vſe of our loue, tis ready ſtord for you
Euen in our kingly breſt.
Tarq. The like we vow, to King *Porſenna*, we will yet a little
Englarge your ryall welcome with Rarieties,
Such as Rome yeelds: that done, before we part,
Of too remote dominions make one heart.
Set forward then, our ſonns wage warre abroad,
To make vs peace at home: we are of our ſelfe
Without ſupportance, wee all fate defy,
Aydleſſe, and of our ſelfe we ſtand thus hye. *Exeunt*

Two Soldiers meete at in the watch.

1. Stand, who goes there?
2. A friend.
1 Stir not, for if thou dooſt ile broch thee ſtraight vpon the pike. The word?

2. *Sol. Porsenna.*

1. *Sol.* Passe, stay, who walkes the round to night
The generall, or any of his Captaines?

2. *Sol. Horatius* hath the charge, the other Chieftaines,
Rest in the Generalls tent, there's no commaunder
Of any note, but reuell with the Prince:
And I amongst the rest am charg'd to attend
Vpon their Rouse.

1 *Sol.* Passe freely, I this night must stand,
Twixt them and danger, the time of night.

2 *Sol.* The clocke last told eleuen.

1 *Sol.* The powers celestiall that haue tocke Rome in charge protect it still.
Againe good night, thus must poore Soldiers do,
Whilst their commaunders are with dainties fed,
They sleepe on Downe the earth must be our bed. *Exeunt.*

A banquet prepared.

Enter Sextus, Arunt, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Scenola, Collatine.

Sex. Sit round, the enemy is pounded fast
In their owne folds, the walles made to oppugne,
Hostile incursions become a prison
To keepe them fast for execution;
There's no eruption to be feared.

Bru. What shal's doe? come a health to the generalls health, and *Valerius* that sits the most ciuilly shal begin it, I cannot talk till my blood be mingled with this blood of grapes: Fil, for *Valerius* thou shouldst drinke well, for thou hast bene in the German warres, if thou louest me drinke *vpse freeze.*

Sex. Nay, since Brutus has spoke the word, the first health shall be impos'd on you *Valerius*, and if euer you haue bene germaniz'd, let it be after the Dutch fashion.

Vale: The generall may commaund.

Bru: He may, why else is he cald the commaunder?

Sex: We will intreate Valerius.

Val. Since you will needs inforce a high German health, look well to your heads, for I come vpon you with this dutch Tassaker: if you were of a more noble science then you are, it will goe neere to breake your heads round.

The

The eight, a Dutch ſoong.

O Mork gyff men tin wan,
Skerry merry vip,
O mork giff men etne man
Skerry merry vap.
O mork gyff men eine man,
That tik die tein long o drieuan ean,
Skerry merry vip, and ſkerry merry vap
and skerry metry runke ede bunk
Ede hoore was a bai dedle downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry runk, ede bunk, ede hoor was drunk a

O daughter yeis ein alto kleene
Skerry merry vip,
O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,
Skerry merry vap,
O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,
Te molten ſlop, ein yert a leene
Skerry werry vip, and skerry merry vap
And skerry merry runk ede bunk
Ede hoore was a hey dedle downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry, runk ede bunk ede hoor was drunk a

Sext. Gramercies *Valerius*, came this hie-German health as double as his double ruffe. i'de pledge it.

Brut. Were it in Lubeckes or double double beere, theire owne naturall liquor i'de pleadge it, were it as deep as his ruffe: let the helth go round about the board as his band goes round about his necke. I am no more afraid of this dutch fauchiō, thē I ſhould be of the heatheniſh inuention.

Col. I muſt entreat you ſpare me, for my braine brookes not the fumes of wine, their vaporous ſtrength offends me much.

Horat. I would haue none ſpare me, for ile ſpare none, *Collatine* will pledge no health vnleſſe it be to his *Lucrece*.

Sext. What's *Lucrece* but a woman, and what are women But tortures and diſturbance vnto men?

If

If they be foule th'are odious, and if faire,
Th'are like rich vessels ful of poisonous drugs.
Or like blacke serpents armd with golden scales:
For my owne part they shall not trouble me.

Brut. Sextus sit fast for I proclaime my selfe a womans champion, and shall vnhorse thee elfe.

Vale. For my owne part, Ime a marride man, and Ile speake to my wife to thanke thee *Brutus*.

Arn. I haue a wife too, and I thinke the most vertuous Lady in the world.

Sceno. I cannot say but that I haue a good wife too, & I loue her: but if she were in heauen, beshrew me if I would wish her so much hurt as to desire her cõpany vpon earth again, yet vpõ my honour, though she be not verry faire, she is exceeding honest

Brut. Nay the lesse beautie, the lesse temptation to dispoile her honesty.

Sce. I should be angry with him that should make question of her honour:

Brut. And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not maintaine her honour:

Arn. If you compare the vertues of your wiues, let me step in for mine:

Colla. I should wrong my *Lucrece* not to stand for her.

Sex. Ha, ha, all captaines, and stand vpon the honesty of your wiues; ist possible thinke you, that women of young spirit and
Full age, of fluent wit, that can both sing and dance,
Reade, write, such as feede well, and taste choice cates,
That streight dissolue to puritie of blood,
That keepe the veines full, and enflame the appetite,
Making the spirit able, strong, prone,
Can such as these their husbands being away
Emploid in forrein sieges, or elsewhere,
Deny such as importune them at home?
Tell me that flaxe will not be toucht with fire,
Nor they be won to what they most desire.

Bru. Shall I end this controuersie in a word?

Sex. Do good *Brutus*.

Bru. I hold some holy but some apt to sinne,

Some tractable, but some that none can winne,
Such as are vertuous, Gold nor wealth can moue,
Some vicious of themselues are prone to loue.
Some Grapes are sweete and in the Gardon grow,
Others vnprun'd, turne wilde neglected so.
The purest oare containes both Gold and drosse,
The one all gaine, the other nought but losse.
The one disgrace, reproch and scandall taints,
The other angels and sweete featurde saints.

Col. Such is my vertuous *Lucrece*,

Ar. Yet for her vertue not comparable to the wife of *Aruns*.

Sex. And why may not mine be ranckt with the most vertuous?

Hor. I would put in for a lot, but 1000. to one I shall draw but a blancke.

Vale. I should not shew I lou'd my wife, not to take her part in her absence: I hold her inferior to none.

Aruns. Saue mine. *Vale.* No not to her. (to arbitrate,

Brut. Oh this were a braue controuersie for a Iury of women

Col. Ile hazard all my fortunes on the vertues
Of diuine *Lucrece*, shall we try them thus?
It is now dead of night, lets mount our steeds,
Within this two houres we may reach to *Rome*,
And to our houses all come vnprepar'de,
And vnexpected by our hye prais'd wiues,
She of them al that we finde best imploid,
Deuoted and most huswife exercis'd,
Let her be held most vertuous and her husband
Win by the wager a rich horse and armour.

Aruns A hand on that.

Valerius. Heres a helping hand to that bargaine.

Hor. But Shal we to horse without circumstance?

Scæu. Scæuola will be mounted with the first.

Sex. Tē mount Cheuall *Brutus* this night take you the charge of the army. Ile see the triall of this wager; twer'd do me good to see some of them find their wiues in the armes of their louers, they are so confident in their vertues, *Brutus* weele interchange good night, be thou but as prouident ore the army as we (if our horses faile not) expeditious in our iorney: to horse to horse:

All. Farewell Lord *Brutus*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucrece and her two maides.

Luc. But one houre more and you shall all to rest,
Now that your Lord is absent from this house,
And that the Masters eie is from his charge,
We must be carefull and with prouidence
Guide his domesticke busines, we ha now
Giuen ore all feasting and left reuelling,
Which ill becomes the house whose Lord is absent,
We banish all excesse till his returne,
In feare of whome my soule doth daily mourne.

1. Madam so please you to repose your selfe
Within your chamber, leaue vs to our taskes,
We will not loiter though you take your rest.

Lu. Not so, you shall not ouerwatch your selues
Longer then I wake with you, for it fits
Good huswifes when their husbands are from home,
To eye their seruants labors and in care,
And the true manige of his houshold state.
Earliest to rise, and to be vp most late.
Since all his busines he commits to me,
Ile be his faithfull steward til the camp
Dissolue, & he returne: thus wiues should doe,
In absence of their Lords be husband too.

2 Mad. the L. *Tarquins* man was thrice for you here to haue entreated you home to supper, he saies his L. takes it vnkindly he could not haue your company.

Lu. To please a louing husband, Ile offend
The loue and patience of my dearest friend,
Me thinkes his purpose was vnreasonable
To draw me in my husbands absence forth
To feast & banquet, t would haue ill becomd me, (& Mistres,
To ha left the charge of such a spacious house, without both L.
I am opinion'd thus wiues should not stray, (cuse me,
Out of their dores their husbands being away: L. *Tarquin* shal ex-

1 *Maid.* Pray Madam set me right into my worke.
Being abroad I may forget the charge,

Lucrece. Impose me by my L. or be compeld
To stay out late, which were my husband here,
Might be, without distast, but he from hence,

Which

Which late abroade, there can no excuse dispence.
Here, take your worke againe, a while proceede,
And then to bed, for whilst you sow, ile reade.

Enter Sextus Aeuns, Valerius, Collatine, Horatius, Sceuola.

Aeu: I would haue hazarded all my hopes, my had my wife not beene so late a reuelling.

Val, Nor mine at this time of night a gamboling.

Hor. They weare so much Corke vnder their heeles, they cannot choose but loue to caper.

Sce: Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching, all theirs were wantoning, and if I ha lost, none can brag of their winnings.

Sex. Now *Collatine* to yours, either *Lucrece* must bee better imploid then the rest, or you content to haue her vertues ranckt with the rest. *Col:* I am pleasde.

Hor: Soft, soft, lets steale vpon her as vpon the rest, least hauing some watchword at our ariuall, we may giue her notice to be better preparde: nay by your leaue *Collatine*, weele limit you no aduantage.

Col: See Lords, thus Lucrece reuels with her maides,
Instead of ryot, quaffing, and the practise of the iauoltoes to the rauishing sound of chambring musique, she like a good huswife is teaching of her husband sundry chares, *Lucrece!*

Luc: My Lord and Husband welcome, 10. times welcome.
Is it to see your Lucrece you thus late
Ha with your persons so hazard left the campe,
And trusted to the danger of a night so dark, and full of horror?

Aeu: Lords all's lost (for this tricke.

Hor: By Ioue, ile buy my wife a wheele, and make her spin.

Sce. If I make not mine learne to liue by the pricks of her needle for this, I'me no Roman.

Col: Sweete wife salute these Lords, thy continence
Hath won thy husbād a Barbarian horse, & a rich coat of armes

Luc: O pardon me, the ioy to see my Lord,
Tooke from me all respect of their degrees,
The richest entertainment liues with vs,
According to the houre and the prouisiou
Of a poore wife in the absence of her husband,
We prostrate to you, how soeuer meane,

Hor. We thus excusde, Lord Collatine away.

We neither feast, dance, quaffe, riot nor play.

Sext. If one woman among so many bad, may be found good, If a white wench may proue a black swan, it is *Lucrece* her beauty hath relation to her vertue, and her vertue correspondent to her beautie, and in both she is matchlesse.

Colla. Lords wil you yeeld the wager?

Arunn. Stay, the wager was as well which of our wiues was fairest too, it stretcht as well to their beautie as to their continence, who shall iudge that?

Hor. That can none of vs, because we are all parties, let Prince *Sextus* determine it who hath bin with vs, and bin an eye witnesse of their beauties. *Vale.* Agreed.

Sex. I am pleasd with the censure of P. *Sextus*.

Arun. So are wee all.

Colla. I commit my *Lucrece* wholy to the censure of *Sextus*.

Sext. And Sextus commits him wholy to the dispose of *Lucrec.*

I leue the Lady and her grace desire,
Nor can my loue wrong what my thoughes admire.
Arunn, no question but your wife is chaste,
And thrifty, but this Lady knowes no waste.
Valerius, yours is modest, something faire,
Her Grace and beautie are without compare,
Thine *Mutius* well dispos'd and of good feature,
But the world yeelds not so diuine a creature.
Horatius, thine a smug lasse and gract well,
But amongst all faire *Lucrece* doth excel.
Then our impartiall harts iudging eies,
This verdit giues, faire *Lucrece* wins the prise.

Col. Then Lords you are indebted to me a horse and armour.

Omnes. We yeeld it. (house can yeeld?

Lu. Wil you taste such welcom Lords, as a poore vnprouided

Sex. Gramercie *Lucrece*, now we must this night sleepe by *Ardea* walles. (*Lucrece*,

Lu. I but my Lords, I hope my *Collatine* will not so leaue his

Sex. He must, we haue but idled from the Camp, to try a merry wager about their wiues, and this the hazard of the kings displeasure, should any man be missing from his charge: the powers that gouern Rome make diuine *Lu.* for euer happy-good night.

Lucr, Will not my husband repose this night with me?

Hor.

Hor. *Lucrece* shall pardon him, we ha tooke our leaues of our wiues, nor shall *Collatine* be before vs though our Ladies in other things come behind you.

Col. I must deswaid: the ioies and the delights of many thousand nights meet all in one to make my *Lucrece* happy.

Luc. I am bound to your strict wil, to each goodnight.

Sex. To horse, to horse, *Lucrece* we cannot rest,
Til our hot lust imbosome in thy brest. *Exeunt manet Lu.*

Luc. With no vnkindenes we should our Lords vbpraid,
Husbands and Kings must alwaies be obaid.
Nothing saue the high busines of the state,
And the charge giuen him at *Ardeas* siege,
Could ha made *Collatine* so much digresse
From the affection that he beares his wife.
But subiects must excuse when Kings claime power.
But leauing this before the charme of sleepe,
Cease with his downy wings vpon my eies,
I must go take account among my seruants
Of their daies taske, we must not cherish sloth,
No couetous thought makes me thus prouident,
But to shun idlenes, which wise men say,
Begets ranck lust, and vertue beats away. *Exit.*

Enter Sextus, Arunt, Horatius, Brutus, Scenola, Valerius.

Hor. Returne to *Rome* now we are in the mid way to the Camp:

Sex. My Lords tis busines that concernes my life,
To morrow if we liue weele visit thee.

Val. Wil *Sextus* enioyne me to accompany him?

Scen. Or me?

Sex. Nor you, nor any, tis important busines
And serious occurrences that call me,
Perhaps Lords Ile commend you to your wiues.
Collatine shall I doe you any seruice to your *Lucrece*?

Col. Only commend me.

Sex: What, no priuat token to purchase our kind welcome?

Col: Would Royall *Sextus* would but honor me to beare her a slight token. *Sex:* What? *Col:* This Ring.

Sext: As I am Royall I will see deliuered,
This Ring to *Lucrece* shall my loue conuey,
And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray.

To morrow we shall meete, this night sweete fate,
May I proue welcome though a guest ingrate. *Exit*

Arun. Hees for the Cittie, we for the campe, the night makes the way teadious and melancholly, prethee a merrie song to beguile it. The ninth song. He sings

Valer. *Toere wat a young man and a maide fell in loue,*
Terry dery ding, terry tery ding, tery tery dino.
To get her good will he often did,
Terry dery ding, terry dery ding, largtido dille.
Toeres many will say and most will allow, terry dery, &c.
Theres nothing so good as a terry dery dery dery, &c.
I would wish all maides before they be sick, terry dery, &c.
To enquire for a young man that has a good terry dery, &c.

Hor. Good *Valerius*, this has brought vs euen to the skirts of the campe, enter Lords. *Exit.* *Enter Sextus and Lucrece*

Luc: This Ring my Lord, hath opt our gates to you,
For though I know you for a royall Prince
My soueraignes Sonne, and friend to *Collatine*
Without that key you had not entred heere.
More lights, and see a banquet straite pronided,
My loue to my deere husband shall appeare,
In the kinde welcome that I giue his friend.

Sex: Not loue-sicke, but loue-lunatick, loue-mad:
I am all fire, impatience, and my blood
Boyles on my heart, with loose & sensuall thoughts

Luc: A chaire for the prince, may't please your highnes sit?

Sex: Madam, with you. (trencher

Luc: It will become the wife of *Collatine* to waite vppon your

Sex: You shall sit behinde vs at the Campe we left our state
We are but your guest, indeede you shall not waite,
Her modestie hath such strong power ore me,
And such a reuerence hath fate giuen her brow,
That it appeares a kinde of blasphemy,
To haue any wanton word harsh in her eares.
I cannot woe, and yet I loue boue measure,
Tis force, not suite, must purchase this rich treasure.

Luc. Your highnes cannot taste such homely cates

Sex. Indeed I cannot feed, but on thy face,
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts embrace,

Luc.

Luc. Knew you, my Lord, what free and zelous welcome
We tender you, your highneſſe would preſume
Vpon your entertainemen: oft, & many times
I haue heard my huſband ſpeake of *Sextus* worth,
Extoll your worth, praiſe your perfection, (*crece.*
I, dote vpon your valor, and your friendſhip priſe next his *Lu-*
Sext. Oh impious luſt, in all things baſe, reſpectles & vniuſt,
Thy vertue, grace, and fame, I muſt enioy,
Though in the purchaſe I all Rome deſtroy.
Madame, if I be welcom, as your vertue bids me preſume I am,
Carouſe to me a health vnto your husband.
Lucr. A womans draught my Lord to *Collatine.*
Sext. Nay, you muſt drinke off all.
Lucr. Your grace muſt pardon the tender weakneſſe of a wo-
Sext. It is to *Collatine.* (mans braine.
Luc. Me thinkes t would ill becom: the modeſtie
Of any Romane Lady to carouſe,
And drowne her vertues in the iuice of grapes.
How can I ſhew my loue to my husband,
To do his wife ſuch wrong? by too much wine
I might neglect the charge of this great houſe,
Left ſoly to my keepe, elſe my example
Might in my ſeruants breed encouragement
So to offend, both which were pardonleſſe,
Elſe to your grace I might neglect my duty,
And ſlacke obeyſance to ſo great a gueſt:
All which being accidentall vnto wine,
Oh let me not ſo wrong my *Collatine.*
Sex. We excuſe you, her imperfections like a torrent
With violence breakes vpon me, and at once
Inuert and ſwallow all thats good in me.
Prepoſterous fates, what miſchiefes you inuolue
Vpon a catiue Prince left to the fury
Of all grand miſchiefe? hath the grandame world
Yet ſmothred ſuch a ſtrange abortiue wounder,
That from her vertues ſhould ariſe my ſinne?
I am worſe then whats moſt ill, deprind all reaſon,
My hart all firie luſt, my ſoule all treaſon.
Lucr. My Lord, I feare your health, your chagging brow

Hark

Hath shewne so much disturbance, noble *Sextus*,
Hath not your ventrous travell from the campe,
Nor the mayst rawnes of these humorous night impairde your
Sext. Diuinest *Lucrece* no. I cannot eate. (health?
Lucr. To rest then, a ranke of torches there, attend the Prince.
Sex. Madam, I doubt I am a guest this night
Too troublesome, and I offend your rest.
Luc. This ring speakes for me, that next *Collatine* you are to me most welcome, yet my Lord, thus much presume, without this from his hand, *Sextus* this night could not haue entred here, no, nor the king himself: my dores the day time to my frinds are
But in the night the obdure gates are lesse kind, (free,
Without this ring they can no entrāce find. Lights for the Prince
Sex. A kisse and so godnight, nay for your rings sake deny not
Luc. Ione giue your Highnes soft and sweet repose. (that
Sex. And thee the like repose with sweet content,
My vowes are fixt, my thoughts on mischiefe bent. *Exit with.*
Lucr. Tis late, so many starres shine in this room; *torches:*
By reason of this great & princely guest,
The world might call our modesty in question,
To reuell thus our husband at the Campe,
Hast & to rest, saue in the Princes chamber,
Let not a light appeare, my hart's all sadnesse,
Ioue vnto thy protection I commit
My chastitie & honour to thy keepe,
My waking soule I giue whilst my thoughts sleepe. *Exit.*

Enter Clowne and a Scruingman.

Clo. Soft soft, not to loud, imagine we were now going on the ropes with egs at our heeles, he that hath but a creeking shoe, I wold he had a creek in his neck, tread not to hard for disturbing Prince *Sextus*. *Ser.* I wounder the P. would ha none of vs stay in his chamber & helpe him to bed. *Clo.* What an asse art thou to wounder, there may be many cause: thou knowest the Prince is a soldier & soldiers many times want shift: who can say whether he haue a cleane shirt on or no: for any thing that we know he hath vsde starues aker a late, or hath tane a medcine to kill the itch: what's that to vs, we did our duty to proffer our seruice.
Ser. And what should we enter farther into his thoughts? come shals to bed: I am as drousie as a dormouse, & my head's as heauy as though I had a nightcap of lead on. *Exeunt.*

Clow. And my eyes begin to glew themselues together, I was till supper was done all together for your repast, and now after supper I am onely for your repose: I thinke for the two vertues of eating and sleeping, there's neuer a Roman spirit vnder the Cope of heauen can put me downe.

Enter Myrable.

Myr. For shame what a coniuring and catter-walling keepe you heere, that my Lady cannot sleepe: you shall haue her call by and by, and send you all to bed with a witnesse.

Clow. Sweete mistris Myrable we are going.

Myr. You are too lowd, come, euerie man dispose him to his rest, and ile to mine.

Ser. Out with your Torches sir.

Clow. Come then, and euerie man sneake into his kennell.

Exeunt.

Enter Sextus with his Sword drawne and a Taper light.

Sex. Night be as secret as thou art close, as close
As thou art blacke and darke, thou ominous Queene
Of Tenebrouse silence, make this fatall houre,
As true to Rape as thou hast made it kinde
To murder, and harsh mischiefe: *Cinthea* maske thy cheeke,
And all you sparkling elementall fires,
Choake vp your dueties in prodigeous fogs
Or be extinct in some thicke vaporous clowds,
Least you beholde my practise: I am bound
Vpon a black aduenture, on a deede
That must wound vertue and make beautie bleede,
Pause *Sextus*, and before thou runst thy selfe
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sinne,
Thou art yet free, beloou'd, grac'd in the Campe,
Of great opinion and vndoubted hope,
Roomes darling in the vniuersall grace,
Both of the field, and senate: were these fortunes
To make thee great in both, backe yet, thy fame
Is free from hazard, and thy stile from shame,
Oh fate! thou hast vsurpt such power o're man,
That where thou pleadst thy will no mortall can.
On then, black mischiefe hurry me the way,

My elſe I muſt deſtroy, her life betray,
The ſtate of King and Subiect, the diſpleaſure
Of Prince and people, the reuenge of noble,
And the contempt of baſe, the incurd vengeance
Of my wrongd kinſman *Collatine*, the Treaſon
Againſt diuin'ſt *Lucrece*: all theſe total curſſes
For ſeene not fearde vppon one *Sextus* meete
To make my daies harſh: ſo this night be ſweete
No iarre of clocke, no ominous hatefull howle
Of any ſtarting Hound, no horſe-coughe breath'd from the
Of any drowſie Groom, wakes this carm'd ſilence (entrals
and ſtarts this generall ſlumber forward ſtil, *Lucr. diſcouerd in*
To make thy luſt liue, all thy vertues kill. (*her bed*
Heere, heere, beholde! beneath theſe Curtaines lyes,
That bright enchantreſſe that hath daz'd my eies.
Oh who but *Sextus* could commit ſuch waſte?
On one ſo faire, ſo kinde, ſo truely chaſte?
Or like a raniſher thus rudely ſtand,
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?
Or at ſuch fatall houres, theſe reuells keepe,
With thought once to defile thy innocent ſleepe,
Saue in this breſt, ſuch thoughts could finde no place,
Or pay with treaſon her kind hoſpitall grace;
But I am luſt-burnt all bent on what's bad
That which ſhould calme good thoughts makes *Tarquin*
mad. Madam, *Lucrece*?

Lucr. Whoſe that? oh me! beſtrew you.

Sex. Sweete, tis I. *Luc.* What I?

Sex. Make roome.

Luc. My Husband *Collatine*?

Sex. Thy husband's at the Campe.

Luc. Here is no place for any man ſaue him.

Sex. Graunt me that grace.

Luc. What are you?

Sex. *Tarquin* and thy friend, and muſt enioy thee,

Luc. Heauen ſuch ſinnes defend.

Sex. Why doe you tremble Lady? ceaſe this feare,
am alone, there's no ſuſpitious care,

That

That can betray this deede: nay ſtart not ſweete,
Luc. Dreame I, or am I full awake? oh no!
I know I dreame to ſee Prince *Sextus* ſo.
Sweete Lord awake me, rid me from this terror,
I know you for a Prince, a Gentleman,
Royall and honeſt, one that loues my Lord.
And would not wracke a womans chaſtitie
For Romes imperiall Diadem, oh then
Pardon this dreame, for being awake I knowe,
Prince Sextus, Romes great hope, would not for ſhame
Hazarde his owne woorth, or diſpoile my fame.
Sex I'me bent on both, my thoughts are all on fire
Chooſe thee, thou muſt imbrace death or deſire,
Yet doe I loue thee, wilt thou accept it? *Luc.* No,
Sex If not thy loue, thou muſt inioy thy foe.
where faire meanes cannot, force ſhall make my way:
By Ioue I muſt enioy thee.
Luc. Sweet Lord ſtay.
Sex: I'me all impatience, violence and rage.
And ſaue thy bed, naught can this fire aſſwage: wilt loue me?
Lucr. No I cannot.
Sext. Tell me why?
Luc. Hate me, and in that hate firſt let me dye.
Sex. By Ioue ile force thee. (forbeare
Lucr. By a God you ſweare to do a deuils deede, ſweete Lord
By the ſame Ioue I ſweare that made this ſoule,
Neuer to yeeld vnto an acte ſo foule. Helpe, helpe,
Sext. Theſe cuſhens firſt ſhall ſtop thy breath,
If thou but ſhreekeſt, heark how Ile frame thy death.
Luc. For death: I care not, ſo I keep vnſtaind
The vncraz'd honor I haue yet maintaind.
Sex. Thou canſt keepe neither, for if thou but ſqueacheſt,
Or letſt the leaſt harſh noiſe iarre in my eare,
Ile broach thee on my ſteele, that dore ſtraite murder
One of thy baſeſt Groomes, and lay you both
Graſpt arme in arme, on thy adulterate bed,
Then call in witneſſe of that mechaniſt ſinne,
So ſhalt thou dye: thy death be ſcandalous,

Thy name be odious, thy ſuſpected body
Denide all funerall rites, and louing *Collatine*
Shall hate thee euen in death: then ſaue all this,
And to thy fortunes adde another friend,
Giue thy feares comfort, and theſe torments end.
Luc. Ile dye firſt, and yet heare me, oh y'are noble,
If all your thoughts and beſt generous thoughts
Be not exilde your heart, pittie, oh pittie
The vertues of a woman: marre not that
Cannot be made againe: this once defilde,
Not all the Ocean waues can purifie,
Or waſh my ſtaine away: you ſeeke to ſoyle,
That which the radiant ſplender of the Sunne,
Cannot make bright againe: behold my teares,
Oh thinke them pearled drops, deſtilled from the heart
Of foule-chaſte *Lucrece*: think them Orators,
To pleade the cauſe of abſent *Collatine*, your friend and kinſman.
Sex. Tuſh, I am obdure.
Luc. Then make my name foule, keep my body pure,
Oh prince of princes, doe but weigh your ſinne,
Thinke how much I ſhall looſe how ſmall you winne.
I looſe the honour of my name and blood,
Loſt, Romes imperiall Crowne cannot make good.
You winne the worlds ſhame, and al good mens hate
Oh who would pleaſure, buy at ſuch deere rate?
Nor can you tearme it pleaſure, for what is ſweet,
Where force and hate, iarre and contention meete?
Weigh but for what tis that you vrge me ſtill,
To gaine a womans loue againſt her will?
Youle but repent ſuch wrong done a chaſte wife,
And think that labour's not worth all your ſtrife.
Curſſe your hot luſt, & ſay you haue wrong'd your friends
But all the world cannot make me amends.
I tooke you for a friend, wrong not my truſt,
But let theſe chaſte teares quench your fierie luſt.
Sex. No, thoſe moiſt teares, contending with my fire,
Qench not my heate, but make it clime more higher:
Ile drag thee hence.

Luc. Oh

Luc. Oh!

Sex. If thou raise these cries, logd'd in thy slaughtered armes
some base Groome dyes.
And Rome that hath admired thy name so long,
Shall blot thy death with scandall from my tongue.

Luc. Ioue garde my innocence.

Sex. Lucrece, th'art mine:
In spight of Ioue and all the powers diuine. *He beares her out*

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Whats a Clocke tro? my Lord bad mee bee earely readie with my Gelding, for hee would ride betimes in the morning: now had I rather be vp an houre before my time then a min: after for my Lord will be so infinitelye angrie if I but ouer-sleepe my selfe a moment, that I had better be out of my life then in his displeasure: but soft, some of my Lord *Collatines* men lye in the next chamber, I care not if I call them vp, for it growes towardes day: what *Pompy*, *Pompy*?

Clo. Who is that cals? *Ser.* Tis I.

Clow. Whose that, my Lord *Sextus* his man, what a pox make you vp before day?

Ser. I would haue the key of the Gate to come at my Lordes Horse in the stable.

Clow. I would my Lord *Sextus* and you were both in the hay-loft, for *Pompey* can take none of his naturall rest amongst you, heeres 'cene Ostler rise and giue my horse another pecke of hay.

Ser. Nay good *Pompey* helpe me to the key of the Stable.

Clow: Well, *Pompey* was borne to doe Rome good in being so kinde to the young Princes Gelding, but if for my kindenesse in giuing him Pease and Oates he should kicke mee, I should scarse say God a mercy horse: but come, ile goe with thee to the stable. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sextus and Lucrece vnready.

Sex. Nay, weepe not sweete, whats done is past recall,
Call not thy name in question, by this sorrow
Which is yet without blemish, what hath past
Is hid from the worlds eye, and onely priuate
Twixt vs, faire Lucrece: pull not on my head,

The wrath of Rome if I haue done thee wrong,
Loue was the cause, thy fame is without blot.
And thou in *Sextus* hast a true friend got,
Nay sweete looke vp, thou only hast my hart,
I must be gone *Lucrece* a kisse and part.

Luc. Oh! *she flings from him and Exit*

Sex. No? peeuish dame farwell, then be the bruter
Of thy owne shame, which *Tarquin* would conceale,
I am armd gainst all can come, let mischiefe frown,
With all his terror armd with ominous fate,
To all their spleenes a welcome Ile afford,
With this bold heart, strong hand, and my good sword. *Exit*

Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Arnus Scevola, Collatine.

Bru. What so early *Valerius* and your voice not vp yet? thou wast wont to be my Lark, and raise me with thy early notes.

Val. I was neuer so hard set yet my Lord, but I had euer a fit of mirth for my friend.

Bru. Prethee lets heere it then while wee may, for I deuine thy musique and my madnes are both short liu'd, wee shall haue somewhat else to doe ere long, we hope *Valerius*.

Hor. *Ioue* send it.

Bru. Me thinkes our warres goe not well forwards, *Horatius* we haue greater enemies to buttle with then the Ardeans, if we durst but front them.

Hor. Would it were come to fronting.

Bru. Then we married men should haue the aduantage of the Batchelers *Horatius*, especially such as haue reuelling wiues those that can caper in the Cittie, while their husbands were in the Campe, *Collatine* why are you so sad? the thought of this should not trouble you, hauing a *Lucrece* to your bedfellow.

Col. My Lord I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry.

Arn. I should be frollique if my brother were but returnd to the Campes. *Hor.* And in good time behold Prince *Sextus*.

Omnes Health to our generall. *Sex.* Thank you.

Br. Wil you survey your forces, and giue order for a present assault, your soldiers long to be tugging with the Ardeans.

Sex. No

Sext: No.

Col: Haue you ſeene *Lucretia* my Lord, how fares ſhee?

Sext: Well, Ile to my Tent.

Arn: Why how now whats the matter brother?

Exeunt the brothers.

Bru: Thank you, No, well, Ile to my Tent, get thee to thy Tent & a coward goe with thee, if thou haſt no more ſpirit to a ſpeedy encounter.

Vale: Shall I goe after him and know the cauſe of his diſcontent? *Scen*: Or I my Lord?

Bru: Neither, to purſue a foole in his humour? is the next way to make him more humorous, Ile not be guiltie of his folly, Thank you I no, before I wiſh him health agen when he is ſicke of the ſullens, may I dye, not like a Roman, but like a runagare.

Sce: Perhaps hee's not well.

Bru: Well, then let him be ill.

Enter Clown.

Vale: The news with this haſty poaſt?

Clow. Did nobody ſee my Lord *Colatine*? oh, my Lady commends her to you, heer's a letter.

Col: Giue it me.

Clow: Fye vpon't, neuer was poore *Pompy* ſo ouer-labourde as I haue bin, I thinke I haue ſpurd my horſe ſuch a queſtion, that hee's ſcarce able to wighee or wag his taile for an anſwere, but my Lady bad me ſpare for no horſe fleſh, & I think I haue made him run his race.

Bru: Coſen *Colatine* the news at Rome?

Coll: Nothing but what you all may well pertak: read here my Lord. *Brutus* reades the letter.

Deere Lord, if euer thou wilt ſee thy *Lucrece*,
Chooſe of the friends which thou affecteſt beſt,
And all important buſines ſet apart,
Repaire to Roome: commend me to Lord *Brutus*,
Valerius, *Mutius*, & *Horatius*,
Say I intreat their preſence, where my Father
Lucretius ſhall attend them, farrewell ſweete,
Th' affaires are great, then doe not faile to meete.

Bru: Ile

Bru. Ile thither as I liue, *Exit.*
Col. I though I dye. *Exit*
Sec. To Rome with expeditious wings weele flye. *Exit*
Hora. The newes, the newes, if I haue any shape
Of sadnesse, if some prodegie haue chanst,
That may beget reuenge, ile cease to chafe,
Vexe, martyr, grieue, torture, torment my selfe,
And tune my humor to strange straines of mirth,
My soule denyes some happinesse, speake, speake
I know thou hast some newes that will create me,
Merry and musicall, for I would laugh,
Be new transhapt, I prethee sing *Valerius* that I may ayre with thee.

Val. First tell vs what's the proiect of thy message?

Clow. My Lords, the princely *Sextus* has beene at home, but what he hath done there I may partly mistrust, but cannot altogether resolue you: besides, my Lady swore me, that whatsoeuer I suspected I should say nothing.

Val. If thou wilt not say thy minde I prethee sing thy minde, and then thou maist saue thine oath.

Clow. Indeed I was not sworne to that, I may either laugh out my newes or sing am, and so I may saue my oath to my Lady.

Hor. Howe's all at Rome, that with such sad presage,
Disturbed Colatine, and noble Brutus
Are hurryed from the Campe with *Scenola*?
And we with expedition amongst the rest,
Are charg'd to Rome? speake, what did *Sextus* there with thy faire Mistresse?

Val. Second me my Lord, and weele vrge him to disclose it.

Valerius, Horatius, and the Clowne their Catch.

Val. *Did he take faire Lucrece by the toe man?*
Clow. *Toe man.*
Clow. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *And further did he strive to goe man?*
Clow: *Goe man.*

Hor. I

Hor. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man, ſa derry derry downe a ha ſa derry dino.
Val. Did he take faire Lucrece by the heele man?
Clow. Heele man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.
Hor. And did he further ſtriue to feele man?
Clo. Feele man. Hor. I man. Clo. Ha ha ha man, ha ſa dery, &c
Hor. Did he take the Lady by the ſhin man?
Clow. Shin man. Val. Iman. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.
Hor. Further too would he haue bin man. Clow. Bin man.
Hor. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man. Ha ſa dery &c.
Val. Did he take the lady by the knee man?
Clow. Knee man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.
Hor. Farther then that would he be man.
Clow. Be man. Hor. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man key ſa dery &c.
Val. Did he take the Lady by the thigh man?
Clow. Thigh man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.
Hor. And now he came it ſome what nye man. Clow. Nie man
Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man, Hey ſa dery. &c.
Val. But did he doe the tother thing man?
Clow. Thing man? Val. Iman. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.
Hor. And at the ſame had he a fling man. Clow. Fling man
Hor. I man. Clow. Hay ha ha ha man, hey ſa dery, &c.

A Table and a Chaire couered with blacke.
Lucrece and her Maide.

Luc. Mirable.
Maid. Madam.
Luc. Is not my father old Lucretius come yet?
Maid. Not yet.
Luc. Nor any from the Campe?
Maid. Neither Madam.
Luc. Go, begon, and leaue me to the trueſt griefe of heart,
That euer entred any Matrons breſt: Oh!
Maid. Why weepe you Lady? alas why do you ſtaine
Your modeſt cheekes with theſe offenſiue teares?
Luc. Nothing, nay, nothing: oh you powerfull Gods,
That ſhould haue Angels guardents on your throane.

To protect innocence and chaſtitie! oh why
Suffer you ſuch inhumane maſſacre
On harmleſſe vertue? wherefore take you charge,
On ſinleſſe ſoules to ſee them wounded thus
With Rape or violence? or giue white innocence
Armor of prooſe gainſt ſinne: or by oppreſſion
Kill vertue quite, and guerdon baſe tranſgreſſion?
Is it my fate aboue all other women
Or is it my ſinne more hainous then the reſt,
That amongſt Thouſands, millions, infinites,
I, onely I, ſhould to this ſhame be borne,
To be a ſtaine to woman, natures ſcorne? oh!

Maid. What ailes you Madam, truth you make me weep
To ſee you ſhed ſalt teares: what hath oppreſt you?
Why is your chamber hung with mourning blacke?
Your habit ſable and your eyes thus ſwolne
Whith ominous teares, alas what troubles you?

Luc. I am not ſad, thou didſt deceiue thy ſelfe,
I did not weepe, theres nothing troubles me,
But wherefore doſt thou bluſh?

Maid. Madam not I.

Luc. Indeed thou didſt, & in that bluſh my gilt thou didſt (betray
How camſt thou by the notice of my ſinne?

Maid. What ſinne?

Luc. My blot, my ſcandall, and my ſhame:
Oh *Tarquin*, thou my honour didſt betray,
Diſgrace no time, no age can wipe away, oh!

Maid. Sweet Lady cheare your ſelfe, Ile ſetch my Viold,
And ſee if I can ſing you faſt aſleepe,
A little reſt would weare away this paſſion.

Luc. Doe what thou wilt, I can command no more
Being no more a woman, I am now
Deuote to Death and an inhabitant
Of th' other world: theſe eyes muſt euer weepe
Till fate hath cloſ'd them with eternall ſleepe:

Enter

Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola, Valerius one way, Lucretius another way.

Luc. Brutus!
Bru. Lucretius!
Luc. Father!
Coll. Lucrece!
Luc. Collatine!
Bru. How cheare you Madam? how ist with you couſen?
Why is your eye deiect and drown'd in ſorrow?
Why is this funerall black, and ornaments
Of widdow-hood? reſolue me couſen *Lucrece.*
Hor. How fare you Lady?
Old Luc. What's the matter girle?
Col. Why how is't with you *Lucrece*, tell me ſweete?
VVhy dooſt thou hide thy face? & with thy hand
Darken thoſe eies that were my Sunnes of loy,
To make my pleaſures floriſh in the Spring?
Luc. Oh me!
Val. Whence are theſe ſighes and teares?
Scc. How growes this paſſion?
Bru. Speake Lady you are hem'd in with your friendes,
Guirt in a pale of ſafety, and enuirond
and cirkled in a fortereſſe of yonr kinred,
Let not thoſe drops fall fruiteles to the ground,
Nor let your ſighes ad to the ſenceleſſe winde.
Speake, who hath wrong you?
Luc. Ere I ſpeake my woe,
Sweare youle reuenge poore *Lucrece* on her foe.
Bru. Be his head archt with golde.
Hor. Be his hand armd with an imperiall Scepter.
Old. Luc. Be he great as *Tarquin*, throand in an imperial ſeat
Brut. Be he no more then mortall, he ſhall feele
The vengefull edge of this victorious ſteele.
Luc. Then ſeate you Lords, whilſt I expoſe my wrong.
Father, deere husband, and my kinſmen, Lords
Heare me, I am diſhonour'd and diſgrac'd,

My reputation mangled, my renown
d ſo araged, but my body, oh my body
Col. What *Lucrece?*
Lu. St i nd polluted and defilde.
Strange ſteps are found in my adulterate bed,
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,
Yet is my body ſoild with luſt-burnd ſinne,
And by a ſtranger I am ſtrumpeted, (Marrons.
Raviſht inforc'd, and am no more to ranke among the Roman
Brut. Yet cheere you Lady, & reſtraine theſe teares,
If you were forc'd, the ſinne concernes not you, (Raviſher?
A woman's born but with a womans ſtrength: who was the
Hora: I, name him Lady, our loue to you ſhal only thus appeare, In the reuenge that we will take on him.
Luc. I hope ſo Lords, t'was Sextus the Kings Sonne.
Omnes. How? *Sextus Tarquin!*
Lucr. That vnprincely Prince, who gueſt-wiſe entred with my husbands Ring,
This Ring, oh *Collatine!* this Ring you ſent
Is cauſe of all my woe, your diſcontent.
I feaſted him, then lodd him, and beſtowde,
The choiſeſt welcome, but in dead of night
My Traiterous gueſt came arm'd vnto my bed,
Frighted my ſilent ſleepe, threatend, and praide
For entertainement: I deſpiſed both.
Which hearing, his ſharpe pointed Semitar
The Tyrant bent againſt my naked breſt,
Alas, I begd my death, but note his tyrranny,
He brought with him a torment worſe then death
For hauing murdred me, her ſwore to kill
One of m baſeſt Groomes, and lodge him dead
In my dead armes: then call in teſtimony
Of my adulterie, to make me hated
Euen in my death, of husband, father, friendes,
Of Rome and all the world: this, this, oh Princes, Raviſht and kild me at once,
Col. Yet comfort Lady, I quit thy guilt, for what could
Lucrece doe more then a woman? hadſt thou dide polluted,
By this baſe ſcandall, thou hadſt wrong'd thy fame:

And

And hinderd vs of a most iust reuenge.
All. What shall we doe Lords?
Brut. Lay your resolute handes vpon the sword of *Brutus*,
Vow & sweare, as you hope meed for merrit from the Gods
Or feare reward for sinne, from deuils below:
As you are Romans, and esteeme your fame
More then your liues, all humorous toyes set off,
Of madding, singing, smilings, and what else,
Receiue your native vallours, be your selues,
And ioyne with *Brutus* in the iust reuenge
Of this chaste rauisht Lady, sweare *All.* We doe.
Lucr. Then with your humors heere my griefe ends too,
My staine I thus wipe off, call in my sighes,
and in the hope of this reuenge, for beare
Euen to my death to fall one passionate teare.
Yet Lords, that you may crowne my innocence,
With our best thoughts, that you may henceforth know,
We are the same in heart we seeme in show.
and though I quit my soule of all such sin, *The Lords whisper.*
Ile not debarre my body punishment:
Let all the world, learne of a Roman dame,
To prise her life lesse then her honord fame: *Kils her self.*
Lucr. Lucrece.
Coll. Wife.
Brut: Lady.
Scene: She hath slaine her selfe.
Val. Oh see yet Lords if there be hope of life,
Brut. Shees dead, then turne your funerall teares to fire
and indignation let vs now redeeme
Our mis spent time, and ouer take our slouth
With hostile expedition, this great Lords,
This bloody knife, on which her chast blood flower,
Shall not from *Brutus* till some strange reuenge fall on the heads of *Tarquins*.
Hor: Now's the time to call their pride to compt,
Brutus leade on, Weele follow thee to their confusion.
Val: By Ioue we will, the sprightfull youth of Rome
Tricket vp in plumed harnesse shall attend

The march of *Brutus*, whome wee here create our generall against the *Tarquins*.

Sce. Bee it so.

Bru. We imbrace it: now to stir the wrath of Rome,
You, Collatine and good *Lucretius*,
With eyes yet drown'd in teares, beare that chaste body
Into the market place: that horrid obiect,
Shall kindle them with a most iust reuenge.

Hor. To see the father and the husband mourne
Ore this chaste Dame, that haue so well deseru'd
Of Rome and them, then to infer the pride,
The wrongs and the perpetuall tyranny
Of all the *Tarquins*, *Seruius*, *Tullius* death,
and his vnnaturall vsage by that Monster (reuenge
Tullia the Queene, all these shall well concurre in a combind

Brut. *Lucrece*, thy death weele mourne in glittering armes and plumed caskes: some beare that reuerend loade,
Vnto the *forum* where our force shall meete
To set vppon the Pallas, and expell
This viperous broode from Rome: I know the people
Will gladly imbrace our fortunes: *Scenola*,
Goe you and muster powers in *Brutus* name.
Valerius, you assist him instantly, (course
and to the mazed people freely speake the cause of this con-

Val. We goe. *Exeunt Val. & Sceu.*

Bru. And you deare Lord, whose speechles greef is boundles,
Turne all your teates with ours, to wrath and rage,
The hearts of all the *Tarquins* shall weep blood
Vpon the funerall Hearse, with whose chaste body,
Honor your armes, and to th'assembled people,
Disclose her innocent woundes: Gramercies Lords,

A great shout and a florish with drums & Trumpets,

That vniuersall shout tels me their words
are gratious with the people, and their troopes
are ready imbatteld, and expect but vs,
To leade their troopes, loue giue our fortunes speede.
Weele murder, murder, and base rape shall bleede.

Alarum

Alarum, Enter in the fight Tarquin and Tullia flying, pursude by Brutus, and the Romans march with drum and Colours, Porsenna, Arruns, Sextus Tarquin, & Tullia meets and ioynes with them: To them Brutus and the Romans with drum and soldiers: they make a stand.

Bru. Euen thus farre Tyrant haue we dogd thy steps
Frighting thy frighted feare with horrid steele:
Tar. Lodge in the safetie of *Porsennaes* armes,
Now Traytor *Brutus* we dare front thy pride:
Hor. Porsenna th'art vnworthy of a scepter,
To shelter pride, lust, rape and tirrany,
In that proud Prince and his confederate Peeres,
Sex. Traytors to heauen: to *Tarquin*, Roome and vs,
Treason to Kings, doth stretch euen to the Gods,
And those high Gods that take great Rome in charge,
shall punish your rebellion.
Col. Oh Deuill *Sextus* speake not thou of Gods,
Nor cast those false and fained eies to heauen,
Whose rape the furies must torment in hell, *of Luer. Lucrece*
Sce. Her chast blood still cries for vengeance to the Etherial (deities
Luc. Oh twas a foule deed *Sextus*,
Vale. And thy shame shalbe eternall and outliue her fame.
Arn. Say *Sextus* lou'd her was she not a woman,
I, and perhaps was willing to be forc'd,
Must you being priuat subiects dare to ming
Warres loud alarum gainst your potent King?
Por. Brutus therein thou dost forget thy selfe,
And wrongst the glory of thine Ancestors, stayning thy blood with Treason.
Brut. *Tuscan* know the Consull *Brutus* is their powerfull foe
All Tarquin. Consull.
Hora. I consull and the powerfull hand of Rome
Graspes his imperiall sword: the name of King
The tirant Tarquins haue made odious
Vnto this nation, and the generall knee
Of this our warlike people, now lowe bends,
To royall Brutus where the kings name ends.
Bru. Now *Sextus* where's the Oracle, when I kist

My

My Mother earth it plainely did foretell,
My noble vertues did thy sinne exceede,
Brutus should sway, and lust-burnt *Tarquin* bleede.
Val. Now shall the blood of Seruius, fall as heauy
As a huge mountaine on your Tyrant heads, orewhelming all your glorie.
Hor. Tullia's guilt shall be by vs reuengd, that in her pride,
In blood paternall, her rough coach-wheeles dide.
Luc. Your Tyrannies.
Ser. Pride.
Col. And my *Lucrece* fate, shall all be swallowed in this hostile hate.
Sex. Oh *Romulus*, thou that first reard yon walles,
In sight of which we stand in thy soft bosome,
Is hang'd, the nest in which the *Tarquins* build,
Which in the branches of thy lofty spires,
Tarquin shall pearch, or where he once hath stood,
His high built airy shall be drown'd in blood,
Alarum then, *Brutus* by heauen I vow,
My sword shal proue thou nere wast mad till now.
Bru. Sextus, my madnes with your lines expires,
Thy sensuall eyes are fixt vpon that wall,
Thou nere shalt enter, Rome confines you all
Por. A charge then,
Tar. Ioue and Tarquin.
Hor. But we cry a *Brutus*.
Bru. Lucrece, force and victorie.
Alarum, the Romans are beaten off.

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Horatius, *Valerius, Scenola, Lucretius and Colatine.*

Bru. Thou *Iouiall* hand hould vp thy Scepter high,
And let not iustice be oppresst with pride,
Oh you Senators leaue not Rome and vs,
Grasped in the purple hands of death and ruine, the *Tarquins* haue the best.
Hor. Yet stand, my foote is fixt vpon this bridge
Tyber, thy arched streams shall be chang'd crimson, with

Roman

Roman bloud before I trudge from hence.
Sec. Brutus retire, for if thou enter rome,
We are all loſt, ſtand not on valor now,
But ſaue thy people, lets ſuruiue this day,
To trie the fortunes of another field.
Val. Breake downe the bridge leaſt the purſuing enemy
Enter with vs and take the ſpoile of Rome.
Hor: Then break't behinde me, for by heauen ile grow
And roote my foote as deep as to the center, before I leaue this paſſage. *Luc.* Come your mad.
Col: The foe comes on, and we in trifling heere, hazard our ſelfe and people.
Hor. Saue them all to make Roome ſtand, *Hor.* here will fall.
Bru. We would not looſe thee, do not breſt thy ſelfe
Mongſt thouſands if thou froniſt them thou art wingde,
With million ſwords and darts, and we behinde
Muſt breake the bridge of Tiber to ſaue Rome,
Before thee, infinite gaſe on thy face,
And menace death, the raging ſtreames of Tiber are at thy back to ſwallow thee.
Hor. Retire to make Rome liue, tis death that I deſire.
Bru. Then farwell deade Horatius, thinke in vs
The vniuerſall arme of potent Rome
Takes his laſt leaue of thee in this imbrace. *All imbrace him.*
Hor: Farwell. *All.* Farwell,
Bru: Theſe arches all muſt downe to interdict their paſſage through the towne. *Exeunt*

Alarum, Enter Tarquin, Porſenna, and Aruns with their pikes and Targetiers.

All: Enter, enter, enter. *A noiſe of knocking downe the bridge within.*
Hor: Soft Tarquin, ſee a bulwarke to the bridge.
You firſt muſt paſſe, the man that enters heere
Muſt make his paſſage through Horatius breſt,
See with this Target doe I buckle Rome,
And with this ſword defye the puiſſant army of two great Kings.
Por. One man to face an hoſt!
Charge ſoldiers, of full forty thouſand Romans
Theres but one daring hand againſt your hoſt,

To keep you from the sacke or spoile of Rome, charge, charge.

Aruns. Vpon them Souldiers. *Alarum* *Alarum.*

Enter in seuerall places, Sextus and Valerius aboue.

Sex. On cowards, slaues, and vassals, what not enter?
Was it for this you placd my regiment
Vpon a hill, to be the sad spectator
Of such a generall cowardise? *Tarquin, Aruns,*
Porsenna, souldiers, passe, *Horatius* quickly,
For they behinde him will deuolue the bridge
And raging Tyber that's impassible,
Your host must swim before you conquer Rome.

Val. Yet stand *Horatius,* beare but one brunt more,
The arched bridge shall sinke vpon his piles.
And in his fall lift thy renowne to heauen.

Sext. Yet enter.

Val. Deare *Horatius,* yet stand & saue a milliō by one powerfull (hand

Alarum and the falling of the Bridge.

Aruns and all. Charge, charge, charge.

Ser. Degenerate slaues, the bridge is falne, Rome's lost.

Vale. Horatius thou art stronger then their hoste,
Thy strength is valour, theirs are idle braues,
Now saue thy selfe and leap into the waues.

Hor. Porsenna, Tarquin, now wadepast your depths,
And enter Rome, I feele my body sinke
Beneath my pondrous waight, Rome is preserud
And now farwell: for he that followes me
Must search the bottome of this raging streame,
Fame with thy golden wings, renown my crest,
And Tyber take me on thy siluer breast. *Exit.*

Por. Hee's leapt off from the bridge and drownd himselfe

Ser. You are deceiud his spirrits sores too hie
To be choakt in with the base element
Of water, loe he swims armd as he was,
Whilest all the army haue dischargd their arrowes,
Of which the shield vpon his backe sticke full.

Shout and florish.

And harke the shoute of all the multitude,
Now welcomes him a land, *Horatius* fame

Hath

Hath chekt our armies with a generall ſhame,
But come, to morrowes fortune muſt reſtore,
This ſcandall, which I of the Gods implore.
Porſ. Then we muſt find another time faire Prince,
To ſcourge theſe people, and reuenge your wrongs.
For this night ile betake me to my tent

A table and lights in the tent.

Tarq: And we to ours, to morrowe we will renowne
Our army with the ſpoile of a Rich towne.

Exit Tarquin cum ſuis. Entr Secretarie.

Porſ. Our ſecretary.
Secret. My Lord.
Porſ. Command lights and torches in our tents.

Enter Souldiers with torches.

And let a Guard ingirt our ſafety round,
Whileſt we debate of military buſines: come, ſit and lets conſult.

Enter Scæuola diſguiſed.

Scæu: *Horatius*, famous for defending Rome.
But we ha done nought worthy *Scæuola*.
Nor of a Roman, I in this diſguiſe
Haue paſt the army & the puiſſant guard
Of king *Porſenna*: this ſhould be his tent:
And in good time, now fate direct my ſtrēgth
Againſt a King to free great Rome at length.
Secret. Oh I am ſlaine, treaſon, treaſon.
Porſ. Villaine what haſt thou done?
Scæu. Why ſlaine the king.
Porſ. What King?
Scæu. *Porſenna.*
Porſ. *Porſenna* liues to ſee thee tortured,
With plagues more diuiliſh then the plague of hel.
Scæu. Oh too raſh *Mutius*, haſt thou miſſ thy aime?
And thou baſe hand that didſt direct my poniard
Againſt a peaſants breſt, behold thy errour
Thus I will puniſh: I will giue thee freely
Vnto the fire, nor will I weare a limbe,
That with ſuch raſhnes ſhall offend his Lord.

Porſ. What wil the madman doe?

Scæu. Porſenna ſo, puniſh my hand thus, for not killing thee.
Three hundred noble lads beſide my ſelfe
Haue vow'd to all the Gods that Patron Rome,
Thy ruine for ſupporting tyrannie:
And though I faile, expect yet euerie houre,
When ſome ſtrange fate thy fortunes wil deuoure.

Porſ Stay Roman, we admire thy conſtancie,
And ſcorne of fortune, goe returne to Rome,
We giue thee life, & ſay the King *Porſenna*,
Whoſe life thou ſeek'ſt is in this honourable.
Paſſe freely, gard him to the walles of Rome,
And were we not ſo much ingadge to *Tarquin*,
We would not lift a hand againſt that nation that breedes ſuch noble ſpirits. *Exit.*

Scæu. Well I go, and for reuenge take life euen of my foe.

Porſ. Conduct him ſafely, what 300 Gallants
Sworne to our death, and all reſolu'd like him!
Weele proue for *Tarquin*, if they faile our hopes,
Peace ſhalbe made with Rome, but firſt our ſecretary
Shall haue his due rights of funerall, then our ſhield
VVe muſt addreſſe next for to morrowes field. *Exit.*

Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius marching.

Bru. By thee we are conſul, & ſtil goueme Rome,
VVhich but for thee, had bin diſpoild and tane,
Made a confuſed heape of men and ſtones,
Swimming in bloud and ſlaughter, deere *Horatius*,
Thy noble picture ſhalbe caru'd in braſſe,
And fixt for thy perpetuall memory in our high Capitoll.

Horat. Great Conſul thankes, but leauing this, lets march out of the citie.
And once more bid them battell on the plaines.

Vale. This day my ſoule diuines we ſhal liue free
From al the furious *Tarquins*: but where is *Scæuola*? we ſee not him to day. *Enter Scæuola.*
Heere Lords behold me handleſſe as you ſee.

The

The cauſe I miſt *Porſenna* in his tent,
And in his ſtead kild but his ſecretary.
The mazed King when he beheld me puniſh
My raſh miſtake, with loſſe of my right hand:
Vnbegd, and almoſt ſcornd, he gaue me life,
VVhich I had then refuſ'd, but in deſire to venge faire *Lucrece* Rape. (*Soft alarum.*

Hor. Deare *Sceuola* thou haſt exceeded vs in our reſolue,
But wil the *Tarquins* giue vs preſent battell?

Scæu. That may ye heare, the skirmiſh is begun already twixt the horſe.

Lucr. Then noble conſull leade our main battell on.

Brut. Oh Ioue this day ballance our cauſe, & let the innocent
Of Rape ſtaind *Lucrece*, crowne with death and horror. (bloud
The heads of all the *Tarquins*, ſee this day
In her cauſe do we conſecrate our liues.
And in defence of Iuſtice now march on:
I heare their martiall muſique, be our ſhock
As terrible as are the meeting clowdes
That breake in thunder, yet our hopes are faire,
And this rough charge ſhal all our hopes repaire.

Exeunt, Alarum, battell within.

Enter Porſenna and Aruns.

Porſenna. Yet grow our lofty plumes vnflagd with bloud,
And yet ſweet pleaſure wantons in the aire: how goes the battel *Aruns*?

Aruns. Tis euen ballanſt, I enterchang'd with *Brutus* hand to hand a dangerous encounter, both are wounded, and had not the rude preaſe diuided vs, one had dropt downe to earth.

Porſ. Twas brauely fought, I ſaw the King your father free his perſon from thouſand Romans that begirt his ſtate, where flying arrowes thick as attoms hung about his eares.

Aruns. I hope a glorious day, come Tuscan King, lets on them.

Alarum, enter Horatius and Valerius (bloud,

Hor. *Aruns* ſtay, that ſword that late did drinke the Conſuls
Muſt with his keene phange tire vpon my fleſh, or this on thine.

Arun. It ſparde the Conſuls life to end thy daies in a more glorious ſtrife.

Vale. I ſtand againſt thee *Tuſcan.*
Porſ: I for thee
Hora: Where ere I find a *Tarquin*, hees for me.
Alarum, Fight, Aruns ſlaine, Porſenna Expulſt.
Alarum, Enter Tarquin with an arrow in his breſt, Tullia with him, purſued by Collatine, Lucretius, Scenola.
Tarq: Faire Tullia leaue me, ſaue thy life by flight,
Since mine is deſperate, behold I am wounded
Euen to the death, there ſtaies within my tent
A winged Iennet, mount his back and fly,
Liue to reuenge my death ſince I muſt dy.
Tul: Had I the heart to treade vpon the bulke
Of my dead father, and to ſee him ſlaughtered,
Only for loue of *Tarquin* and a crowne,
And ſhall I feare death more then loſſe of both?
No this is *Tullias* fame, rather then fly
From *Tarquin*, mongſt a thouſands ſwords ſheel dy.
All. Hew them to peeces both.
Tarq. My *Tullia* ſaue, and ore my caitiue head thoſe meteors waue.
Coll. Let *Tullia* yeeld then.
Tul. Yeeld me cuckold no, mercy I ſcorne, let me the danger know. *Scen.* Vpon them then.
Tul. Lets bring them to their fate,
And let them periſh in the peoples hate.
Lucr. Feare not Ile backe thee huſband
Tarq. But for thee, ſweet were the hand that this chargd ſoule could free.
Life I diſpiſe, let noble *Sextus* ſtand
To auenge our death, euen til theſe vitals end,
Scorning my owne, this life will I defend.
Tul. And Ile ſweete *Tarquin* to my power gard thine
Come on you ſlaues and make this earth diuine.
Alarum, Tarquin and Tullia ſlaine.
Alarum, Brutus all bloody.
Brut. *Aruns* this crimſin fauor for thy ſake,
Ile weare vpon my forehead maskt with bloud
Till all the moiſtures in the *Tarquins* veines

Be

Be ſpilt vpon the earth, and leaue thy body
As dry as the parcht ſommer, burnt and ſcorcht with the canicular ſtarres. (his head.
Hor. *Aunt* lies dead by this bright ſword thats heere about
Col. And ſee great conſull, where the pride of Rome lies ſunk and fallen.
Val. Beſides him lies the queene mangled and hewd amongſt the Roman ſoldiers,
Hora. Lift vp their ſlaughtred bodies, help to reare them againſt this hill in view of all the camp.
This fight will be a terror to the foe, and make them yield or fly.
Bru. But whers the rauiſher, iniurious *Sextus* that we ſee not him?

Short Alarum Enter Sextus. (ſteedes

Sext. Through broken ſpeares crackt ſwords, vnboweld
Flaude armors, mangled limbes, and battered caskes,
Knee deepe in blood, I ha pierſt the Roman hoſt to be my fathers reſcue.
Hora. Tis too late, his mounting prid's ſunk in the peoples hate
Sex. My father, emother, brother, fortune now,
I do defie thee, I expoſe my ſelfe
To horrid danger, ſafety I deſpiſe,
I dare the worſt of perill, I am bound.
On till this pile of fleſh be all on wound,
Vale. Begirt him Lords, this is the rauiſher,
Theres no reuenge for Lucrece till he fall:
Lu: Ceaſe *Sextus* then:
Sex. *Sextus* defies you all, yet will you giue me language ere I die
Bru: Say on:
Sex. Tis not for mercy, for I ſcorne that life
Thats giuen by any, and the more to ad
To your immenſe vnmeaſurable hate,
I was the ſpur vnto my fathers pride,
Twas I that awd the Princes of the Land,
That made thee *Brutus* mad, theſe diſcontent,
I rauiſht the chaſte *Lucrece*, *Sextus* I,
The daughter and thy wife, *Brutus* thy coſen,
Allide indeed to all, twas for my Rape,

Her

Her constant hand ript vp her innocent breſt, twas *Sextus* did all this.

Col: Which ile reuenge.

Hor: Leaue that to me.

Luc. Olde as I am ile doo't.

Sec. I haue one hand yet left of ſtrength, inough to kill a raviſher.

See: Come all at once: I all, yet heare me Brutus, thou art honorable,
And my words tend to thee: my father dide
By many hands; what's he mongſt you can challenge
The leaſt, I ſmalleſt honour in his death?
If I be kild amongſt this hoſtile throng,
The pooreſt ſnakie ſouldier well may claime
As much renowne in royall Sextus death,
As *Brutus*, thou, or thou *Horatius*.
I am to dye, and more then dye I cannot,
Rob not your ſelues of honour in my death.
When the two mightieſt ſpirits of Greece and Troy,
Tugde for the maiſtrie, *Hector* and *Achilles*,
Had puiſſant *Hector* by *Achilles* hand,
Dide in a ſingle monomachie, *Achilles*
Had bene the worthy: but being ſlaine by ods,
The pooreſt *Mermidon* had as much honour,
As faint *Achilles* in the Troians death.

Brutus Hadſt thou not done a deede ſo execrable
That Gods and men abhorre, ide loue thee Sextus,
And hug thee for this chalenge breath'd ſo freely:
Beholde, I ſtand for Rome as generall,
Thou of the *Tarquins* dooſt alone ſuruiue,
The head of all theſe garboyles, the chiefe actor,
Of that blacke ſinne which we practiſe by armes.
Braue Romans with your bright ſwords be our liſts,
And ring vs in, none dare to offend the Prince
By the leaſt touch, leaſt he incurre our wrath:
This honour doe your Conſull, that his hand
May puniſh this arch miſchiefe, that the times
Succeeding may of Brutus thus much tell,

By.

by him pride luſt, and all the Tarquins fell.
Sext. To raviſh *Lucrece* cuckold *Colatine*,
And ſpill the chaſteſt bloud that euer ran
In any matrons vaines, repents me not
So much as to ha wrong'd a gentleman
So noble as the Conſul in this ſtrife:
Brutus be bould, thou fightſt with one ſcorns life.
Brut. And thou with one that leſſe then his renoune
Priſeth his bloud or Romes imperiall crowne
Alarum, a fierce fight with ſword & target, then after pauſe and breath.
Brut. Sextus ſtand faire, much honour ſhall I winne
To reuenge *Lucrece*, and chaſtiſe thy ſinne.
Sext. I repent nothing, may I liue or die,
Though my bloud fall, my ſpirit ſhall mount on hie.
Alarum, fight with ſingle ſwords, and being dead wonded & pauſing for breath making a ſtroke at each together, with their gantlets, they fall.
Hor Both ſlaine! oh noble *Brutus* this thy fame
To after ages ſhal ſuruiue: thy body
Shall haue a faire & gorgious Sepulchre,
For whom the matrons ſhall in funeral black
Mourne twelue ſad moones: thou that firſt gouern'd Rome,
And ſwaid the people by a conſuls name.
Theſe bodies of the *Tarquins* weele commit
Vnto the funerall pile: you *Collatine*
Shall ſucceed *Brutus*, in the conſuls place,
Whome with this Lawrel wreath we heere relate
Crowne him with a lawrel.
Such is the peoples voice, accept it then.
Col. we doe, and may our power ſo iuſt appeare,
Rome may haue peace, both with our loue & feare.
But ſoft, what march is this?
Flouriſh Porſenna, drum. Colatine and Souldiers
Por. The *Tuskan* king, ſeeing the *Tarquins* ſlaine,
Thus arm'd and battelled offers peace to Rome.
To confirme which, we'le giue you preſent hoſtag
If you deny, wele ſtand vpon our guard,

And by the force of armes, maintaine our owne.
Vit. After so much effusion and large waste
Of Roman blood, the name of peace is welcome,
Since of the *Tarquins* none remaine in Rome.
And *Lucrece* Rape is now reueng'd at full.
T'were good to entertaine *Porsennaes* league.
Col. Porsenn. we embrace whose royall presence
Shall grace the Consull to the funerall pile.
March on to Rome, *Iouet* be our guard and guide,
That hath in vs veng'd Rape and punisht pride.

Exeunt.

The Rape of Lucrece

To the Reader.

Because we would not that any mans expectation should be deceiued in the ample printing of this booke. Lo (Gentle Reader) we haue inserted these few songs, which were added by the stranger that lately acted *Valerius* his part in forme following.

The Cries of Rome.

Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go vp street & then they go downe.
Round and sound all of a collour,
Buy a very fine marking stone, marking stone,
Round and sound all of a colour,
Buy a very fine marking stone a very very fine.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go vp street and then they go downe.
Bread and—meat—bread—and meat
For the—ten—der—mercy of God, to the
poore pris—ners of Newgate, foure
score and ten—poore—prisners.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go vp street and then they go downe.
Salt—salt—white wor—ster-shire salt,
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go vp street and then they go downe.
Buy a very fine mouse trap or a tormenter
For your fleaes.
Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go vp street, and then they go downe.
Kitchinstuffe maides,
Thus go the cries, &c.
Ha white radish, white
Hard letice, white young Onyons.
Thus go the cries, &c.
Ha rocke Sampier rocke Sampier.
Thus go the cries, &c.

Buy a mat a mi mat,
Mat or a hasocke for your pew,
A sloppie for your close stoo'e,
Or a pesocke to thrust your feet in
Thus goe the cries &c.
Whiting maids whiting
Thus goe the cries &c
Hot fine Oatcakes hot
Thus goe the cries &c
Small coales heere,
Thus goe the cries &c
Will you buy any milke too day
Thus goe the cries
Lanthorne and candle light heere,
Maid ho light heere,
Thus goe the cries &c
Here lies a company of very poore
Women in the darke dungeon,
Hungry, cold and comfortles night and day:
Pittie the poore women in the darke dungeon
Thus goes the cries where they do house them,
First they come to the grate, and then
They goe to louse them.